

THE PRESIDENT'S PEACE

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Events of the Week.

THE Report on Constitutional Reform for India, which embodies the results of Mr. Montagu's visit, will rank with the famous despatch of Lord Durham on Canada, among the historical documents of the Empire. It sketches a bold and original plan of reform, which honestly redeems the Government's promise to prepare for "the progressive realization of responsible government." We shall not attempt to summarize the able and sympathetic review of the present condition of India, on which the constructive chapters of this big book are based. Convincing reasons are given for not adopting the precise proposals of the Indian Congress Party. But in the end it is probable that Mr. Montagu's method will lead to full Home Rule as swiftly and much more smoothly. The novelty of his scheme is that it actually concedes the reality of responsible Parliamentary self-government over certain regions and departments of public life on a plan capable of methodical and indefinite extension. Every concession is, in its own limits, a complete grant of Home Rule over one defined area of administration, finance, and legislation.

* * *

THE chief interest of the scheme is in the reorganization of the Provincial Governments, from which Burmah and some primitive regions of India are excluded. The Provincial Assembly is to be composed of a substantial majority of elected members, directly elected on a broad franchise. The separate representation of Moslems and other minorities (e.g., Sikhs) is somewhat regrettably retained. The subjects with which these Provincial Assemblies may deal are divided into those "reserved" to the ultimate authority of the Governor-in-Council, and those "transferred" to the Assembly itself. Over the "reserved" subjects the Assembly has a consultative voice, over the "transferred" subjects it has control. The Governor-in-Council must act with two official Councillors, one of them a native, and is subordinate to the Delhi Government. Each of the "transferred" subjects or services is administered by a responsible native Minister, who must be an elected member of the Assembly. These "transferred" services may now include education, local self-government, pro-

vincial taxation, excise, minor public works; and the list shall be revised and may be extended after five years. A similar provision requires the periodical review of the whole structure of Indian Government by the Imperial Parliament at intervals of ten or twelve years.

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BELOW the province, the Report proposes full self-government in local affairs for the rural district and the urban area. Above the province, it marks a big advance on Lord Morley's scheme in the democratization of the Central Government. The Viceroy's Council is divided into two Chambers. The Lower House is to be, to the extent of two-thirds, an elected body. The Upper House will have twenty-one elected members out of fifty, with four nominated unofficial and twenty-five official members. It will serve as a check on the Viceregal Government in its exercise of its exceptional powers. For ordinary legislation the assent of both Chambers is necessary, with a provision for joint sittings. That means that eighty-seven elected members can, if united, legislate for all India, against a nominated minority of sixty-three. The Report contemplates a corresponding decrease in the effective powers of Whitehall and of the Imperial Parliament over India, but it proposes the creation of a standing committee of the Commons for Indian Affairs—an admirable suggestion, which points to the general adoption of such committees on the French plan. In India itself, the Report proposes that similar standing committees of the two Houses of the Legislative Assembly of India shall be attached to each administrative department.

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THE boldness of the scheme will be realized if we enumerate the few changes that would be necessary to convert it into full Home Rule. (1) The Provincial Assembly must be wholly, instead of mainly, elected; (2) the "transferred" services must gradually cover the whole field of government, exclusive of those which properly fall to the Central Government. (3) Among the responsible native Ministers a Premier must be evolved. (4) In the Legislative Assembly of India the elected element must be increased from 87 to the full 150. (5) In the Viceroy's Executive the native element (which is to be increased) must become preponderant, if not exclusive. All these advances could be made with ease in the proposed framework, and may with good fortune be made, one by one, as the decennial periods of revision recur. Full autonomy, in short, is a possible ideal for which young Indians may hope in their own life-time. The Report has been received with unanimous approval in the British Press, and it remains only to urge, as most of the leading articles do, that it shall be put into effect with the utmost despatch compatible with good workmanship. The best omen for its success is that it carries with it the full approval of the Viceroy's Government.

* * *

WHILE the German offensive is still deferred, the Allies are continuing to improve their positions, so that the enemy may find his task more difficult when he chooses to strike again. There has been no very strong reaction at Hamel since the Australians and Americans secured

their brilliant little success, and the French have considerably improved their tactical positions north-west of Compiegne. The toll of prisoners is mounting up, and the enemy will not be allowed to continue at rest on his lines in France. Kuhlmann's speech may have produced some weakening of moral among the soldiers. Many German speakers have stated that it has actually produced these results, and there certainly has been some evidence of indiscipline and insubordination behind the lines. The army order of Marwitz does but document this generalization. It has been pointed out that on many parts of the German front the enemy are still standing in exposed positions which can only be supplied by roads that are continually under the fire of our guns. The garrisons of these positions are being harassed by aeroplanes. But life under such conditions cannot be maintained for long without some disagreeable results.

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INFERIOR troops cannot stand it. Picked troops can for some time; but to use them for this work is to make it difficult to employ them as shock troops in battle, and the new German tactics turn on the sharpness and impetus of their spearhead. We have no reason to be over-proud of the way in which we have coped with the German thrusts in March and May; but we have certainly made them more expensive than was expected, and on the occasion of the Aisne-Marne Battle there was a moment when disaster made a fleeting shadow on the horizon. There must be numerous subjects for grave anxiety at German Headquarters. Surprise is essential. But the German correspondents frankly realize that in proportion as their troops have worn down our manœuvring ground, they have at the same time clarified Foch's dispositions. Thus the German success, falling short of the completeness required, has left them with a much smaller chance of it to-day. Further, a great deal too much is made of the lack of training of the American troops. It must be remembered that all these troops have had at least some months' training, and by German theory battle-formed troops can assimilate a good proportion of less trained men. The "Berliner Tageblatt" shows that the Germans are not deceived as to the meaning of the American reinforcement.

* * *

AN outrage to the person of an Ambassador has always been regarded even by primitive peoples as a national provocation. The murder of Count Mirbach at Moscow on Saturday exposed the unhappy Russians to the heavy resentment of the Kaiser. The motive of the crime is transparent. The assassins who called at the Embassy on more or less genuine business, first shot and then bombed the Ambassador, with the obvious intention of provoking a renewal of the state of formal war between Germany and Russia. The sequel makes it clear that they belonged to the "Left" Revolutionary Socialists. This party gradually allied itself with the "Left" Social Democrats (Bolsheviks) during the crises of last summer, and supported Lenin's *coup d'état*. It opposed the ratification of the Brest Treaty, however, and wished there and then to renew the war with Germany, whereas Lenin and most of the Bolsheviks thought it better to make a nominal peace, and prepare for a future renewal of the war after Russia had consolidated her forces. After this decisive vote at the Congress of Soviets, the Left Social Revolutionaries seceded from the Executive, and went into partial opposition. The murder of Count Mirbach was evidently intended by them as a challenge to Germany, which would end an unreal and intolerable peace. It was also a challenge to the Bolsheviks, and, like the recent murder of the Bolshevik Minister, Volodarsky, marked the return of this party to the terrorist tactics which they had practiced against Tsardom.

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THE Bolshevik Government lost no time in telegraphing the amplest apologies to Berlin. Unluckily for them, the late Count, though a man of only modest abilities, was a popular courtier and a favorite of the Kaiser. The murderers made good their escape to a fortified

stronghold in Moscow, and it is possible that their deed was meant to be the signal for a rising against the Bolsheviks. They claim to have suppressed the "mutiny" with ease, though it evidently required murderous street-fighting to overcome it. The political consequences are not likely to be precisely what the Social Revolutionaries hoped. The Bolsheviks, it is true, are now more isolated than ever, and will be forced into still severer measures of repression against the other Socialist parties. Their trend, indeed, for some months has been towards an iron discipline resting on terror, and in their efforts to restore industry and create a conscript army, they are becoming a realistic party of order. On the other hand, their very isolation will oblige them to lean against their own inclinations on German support. Trotsky, indeed, has said that if he had to choose between the Germans and the Japanese, he would ally himself with the former, since they are the more likely of the two to join him eventually in a social revolution. Germany's attitude is more doubtful, for the Germans are beginning to doubt the ability of the Bolsheviks to maintain themselves.

* * *

IN this connection the sudden appearance of Professor Miliukoff at Kieff should be noted. He has gone there with MM. Vinaver and Nabokoff to attend a congress of "Cadet" leaders. The Cadets, it will be recalled, joined the pro-German Dictator Skoropadsky in setting up the present "bourgeois" government of the Ukraine. Its tendencies are not Ukrainian nationalist, but Russian, and it has even partially restored Russian as the official language of Ukrainia. The underlying plan is presumably that, under the aegis of Germany, this Cadet administration of the Ukraine should eventually recover Great Russia. M. Miliukoff has been interviewed in the German Press, and his presence in Kieff under the German occupation seems to indicate a sharp departure from his former pro-Ally attitude. Meanwhile, the Tchecho-Slovaks, acting as the vanguard of the Allies, have upset the Soviet Government in Vladivostok, while another detachment is fighting the Finns, or the Finno-Germans, on the Murman Coast. There has been nothing so romantic as this Tchecho-Slovak march across Siberia since the anabasis of Xenophon; but as politics its wisdom is less distinguished than its daring.

*

HERR VON KUHLMANN's outspoken speech on the impossibility of a military victory has cost him his office. It is semi-officially announced that his resignation has been accepted. Like Bethmann-Hollweg he has fallen, not so much because he was a moderate man and an opponent of the Junker faction, but even more because he did not know how to fight. His rather pitiable palinode made it difficult for the Left to respect him, while its manifest insincerity failed to placate the Right. He was a survival from the brief Liberal renaissance of last summer, and his time was over. He falls to the bow and spear of the Junkers, but he falls still more because throughout last year, when a reasonable peace was possible, the statesmen of the Entente made it clear that from the German standpoint nothing was to be gained by moderation. His last tender was received by the Allies in stony silence. No career, therefore, was left him. Admiral von Hintze, the present Minister in Copenhagen, is spoken of as the next Foreign Secretary. He was formerly in Peking, where he had an unenviable reputation as an intriguer. He is described, probably with truth, as a whole-hearted partisan of Admiral von Tirpitz, but when his chances were canvassed last summer, German writers spoke of him rather as a man of almost colorless views. He may prove to be merely a Mr. Facing-both-ways.

* * *

THE Committee of six Members of Parliament appointed by the Government (or by Lord Northcliffe) to intern enemy aliens, irrespective of whether it was good policy to intern them, have reported accordingly. They leave a few loopholes, but generally call (a) for the internment of all enemy aliens over eighteen; (b) for the review of naturalization certificates granted during the war;

(c) for the discharge of all civil servants of "enemy origin"; (d) for cancelling (till six months after the peace) all changes of name on the part of persons of enemy origin; (e) for the immediate or summary winding up of "enemy" businesses and banks in this country. It is enough to say of this report that (c) suggests the removal of Lord Milner from the control of the British Army; and that (d) is a direct insult to the King, whose grandfather was a German, and who, since the war changed the family name of the Royal House from Guelph to Windsor. In addition, the document is an express censure on the Government, and on the officials who examined the case of the aliens (many of whom are elderly people with sons at the front) and decided that they could be left at large without danger to the national interest. It is not surprising therefore to learn, on the testimony of the "Times," that the Cabinet have been acutely divided on the report, and have been unable to arrive at an agreement on it. We suppose they will eventually agree. They are a "stunt" Cabinet, subject to a "stunt" Press.

* * *

MR. GEORGE'S business men have queer ideas of business. There have been three main lines of criticism on the organization of national shipyards. The first was that it was not an emergency measure at all, for it had not produced the ships in time, and is not likely to produce them. The second is that the plans were accepted without estimates, and that in consequence millions have been wasted. The third is that the organization of labor has been a complete fiasco. Sir Eric Geddes implicitly admitted all these charges, and added on behalf of the War Cabinet that it had acted in an "atmosphere." That is evidently true, the atmosphere being one of general mental fog. Neither time, nor money, nor suitability, nor labor difficulties were considered. It may have been quite right to resort to national shipyards. It was evidently quite wrong to do so without testing the capacity of the private yards, or finding the men to work the new establishments.

* * *

LORD ROBERT CECIL had a simple and convincing answer to his critics of the Northcliffe Press who have assailed him for a trifling act of courtesy to Holland. The Dutch Government is sending a merchant fleet under naval convoy to the Dutch Indies. On condition that it shall carry only Dutch official passengers, that all the ships' papers shall be shown to our authorities in advance, and that no goods of enemy origin shall be carried, the Foreign Office has consented to waive the actual exercise of the right of search on the high seas, while formally reserving the right itself and stipulating that this very natural and friendly arrangement shall not be treated as a precedent. In point of fact there is nothing exceptional in this. Actual search on the high seas is rare, because with submarines about, it is dangerous, and can rarely be effective. Suspicious ships are more often taken under guard for search into a British port. Were we to treat Dutch transports under escort in that way? The usual procedure is that ships' papers are examined by our officials before the vessel starts on her voyage. All our dealings with Holland (as with Denmark) are based on the assumption that we can and do accept the assurance of a responsible body as to the origin or destination of goods. Were we to treat the Dutch Government with less courtesy than the merchants' syndicate? There is absolutely no case here against the Foreign Office, but it is suffering for its weakness in yielding to the same critics when they clamored for the refusal of a passport to Mr. Troelstra. That Lord Northcliffe should conduct a feud against Lord Robert Cecil is intelligible, but the recklessness which would make an enemy of Holland in the process would be surprising in anyone else. Is the Director of Propaganda in Enemy Countries anxious to enlarge his field of operations?

* * *

WHY do Lord Northcliffe's prints describe themselves as newspapers? Because their innocent publics

must suppose they are served impartially each morning by a tradesman who gives impartially all the news of the war, whether he likes the look of the news or not. Therefore, if as many as possible of those simple souls can be led to imagine, by keeping from them what they have paid to learn, or rendering some news unimportant by a casual and insignificant method of displaying it, that their old opinions of the war are still valid, that they are still accepted by the majority of their fellows, that they still inspire the soldiers, sailors, and the great host of working folk in the factories, mines, and yards, and that they still inform our Ministers and direct their policy, then it follows that Lord Northcliffe's own slip-shod views about the war receive support that is unmerited, but important because it is popular. By that means, we suggest, a situation is brought about as dangerous to the community as a plague, a famine, or a grave defeat, for to-day, more than at any time, the popular but innocent support of views that are evil means death to us.

* * *

EXCEPT for that incalculable importance of popular opinion just now, Lord Northcliffe's views of affairs would not matter any more than George Robey's. But men and States will perish or live by the ideas which move us to-day. It is a terrible responsibility. What shall be said then of a newspaper which does what is shown by the following parallel columns? We do not use this instance as the gravest sort of example, but merely as a mild indication of the news policy of the "Times." The first column is from the "Daily News" (Reuter's Report), and the second from the "Times" of July 8th. The occasion was the Prime Minister's visit and address to the American troops in France.

WAY TO PEACE.

MR. LL. GEORGE'S OFFER TO THE KAISER.

President Wilson yesterday made it clear what we are fighting for. If the Kaiser and his advisers will accept the conditions voiced by the President, they can have peace with America, peace with France, and peace with Great Britain to-morrow. But he has given no indication of any intention to do so. Because he won't do so is the very reason why we are all fighting.

"What are we here for? Not because we covet a single yard of German soil. Not because we desire to dispossess Germany of her inheritance. Not because we desire to deprive a people of its legitimate rights. We are fighting for the great principles laid down by the President."

MR. WILSON'S TERMS.

THE KAISER'S ILLUSIONS ABOUT AMERICA.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND U.S. TROOPS.

President Wilson's great deliverance of yesterday made clear what we are fighting for. If the Kaiser and his advisers are prepared to-morrow to accept the conditions stated by your President, he can have peace, not only with America, but also with Great Britain and France. But there are no indications of any intention on his part to do so. We do not covet a single yard of German soil, and we do not desire to dispossess her of her rightful inheritance.

* * *

WE repeat, this is a mild instance. It amounts to a shortening and weakening of the speech, a reduction of emphasis, an omission of an important phrase. Only a journalist, used to the routine of a newspaper office, would be likely to detect what has been done. Our Prime Minister made an informal and vague speech. But it amounted to a definition of war aims and peace terms. His speech to the American troops, or rather its peroration, was remarkable, because it represented a movement away from the phantasy of the "knock-out blow," and from the secret treaties. Apart from the transference of a word from one part of the speech to another—making "inheritance" read as "rightful inheritance"—there is no indication in the "Times" report that the speech is of the slightest consequence, and the paragraph embodying it is printed in small type at the end of a report which was interrupted, as though it were news of no special moment, by an advertisement. It is indeed less indicative (except to the watchful) than the entire suppression by the "Times" of Lord Lansdowne's letter, or than the action of the "Daily Mail," first in suppressing Lord Grey's pamphlet altogether, and then dismissing it in a brief and malicious summary. But it is significant enough.

Politics and Affairs

THE PRESIDENT'S PEACE.

AFTER over a year's association with America as an ally in war the Prime Minister has, in form at least, identified himself with her policy for peace, and for the first time we possess a definite Anglo-American "peace offensive." "We are fighting," said Mr. George in his address to the American troops in France, "for the great principles laid down by the President." Mr. George did not, indeed, declare what those principles were. But he defined them negatively by stating that this country did not covet a yard of German soil, and that we did not desire to dispossess Germany of her inheritance, or to deprive her people of their "legitimate rights." That is a liberal application to Germany of the ideas of world-settlement which in his speech at Mount Vernon Mr. Wilson defined in four striking sentences. The President insisted, as he has often insisted before, on the destruction of the principle of arbitrary power; on the substitution of the principle of local consent; on the application of the principle of individual law to the relationship of States; and on the establishment of an organization of peace. Roughly speaking, this is the creed of the new internationalism, the gospel of Public Law as opposed to the Rule of National Force. America has often proclaimed this gospel, but hitherto she has taken no obvious step to press her policy on the Allies. The statesmen of the Allies in their turn have either, like M. Clemenceau, formally rejected the American policy, or professed it in theory and, as in the Italian, Roumanian, and Franco-Russian treaties, repudiated it in practice. We may take it that this opposition has now ceased. M. Clemenceau appears to have, formally at least, withdrawn his resistance to the League of Nations, and Mr. George has declared that if the Kaiser wants the President's peace he can have it to-morrow. If, therefore, America persists in her ideas, she has the power to re-settle the world with them. That is implicit in our confession that on the American reinforcements in France depends the material issue of the war. It is for America, therefore, to translate them into action, or to see them engulfed in the always returning tide of European Imperialism. Had she been a little firmer, she might have brought about her Peace of Nations in 1917. French and Italian Nationalism then barred the way, and Mr. George hesitated. The golden hour went by, a discouraged and half-defeated Germany revived, and the Allies plunged into a fourth year of desolating and unsuccessful war. Now the world scene changes again. 1918 has brought the apparition of America in shining armor. It also, we hope, reveals her President's feet still shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace.

But if America has the power to lead the older world right, she has also the ability to plunge it into ruin. And she may do this, not from an undue assertion of her force, but from a hesitation to use it, or by yielding to the temptation to employ only its material side.* She allowed the Secret Treaties to pass without, so far as we know, a remonstrance against the substitution of Imperialistic for international ends. All the same she is bound to see her essential object of world-security emerging from the individual aims that incessantly obscure it. European society has alarmingly deteriorated during the last twelve months. Not only has there been an appalling drain on its

fountain of youth and energy. Its power of renewal is going too. A burden of £25,000,000,000 of debt is now laid on the five greater Continental States. Supposing that the war ends to-day, over a thousand millions must be found in the first year of peace if Europe is to pay merely the interest on her war debts.† No statesman has ever suggested a plan for meeting this emergency without repudiation or a sweeping levy on capital values. Nor is the moral outlook less dreadful. The older civilization has been rent to its centre, and every narrowly ingenious mind in its statesmanship is bent on some plan for widening and perpetuating the fissure. Unless some reconciling force can be discovered and applied, victors and vanquished will be lost together; and after a hundred battles fought between the rivers and mountain ranges of France and Palestine, America, the arbitress, will look down either on a desert or on a scene of savage confusion. Her idealism will thus be worse than vain; it will have been the bright lure to cheat the nations of their modest hopes of recovery from the catastrophe of the war.

This is no fancy picture. The statesmen of Europe have failed to measure the true character of the war. They never realized what a storm of passions it would excite. But the storm threatens to go far beyond their control. The longer the war goes on, the more visibly looms up the figure of the war after war. Its plan of campaign, as laid out, not in Cabinets, but in merchants' committee rooms and trade union chambers, provides not merely for differentiation against German goods but for the physical exclusion of the German race from the great waterways of the world. "However the war ends, whatever treaties they make," said Mr. Havelock Wilson to Mr. Wells,‡ a world-wide net is to be drawn for an indefinite period against German ships and trade and men. Germany has herself to thank for this threat to treat her people as a race of pariahs; but none the less a world in which the sea-faring races propose (and can if they please effect) a rigid segregation from two of the great land-using ones is self-devoted to destruction. Enlightened America perceives this truth, for in the article to which we have referred Mr. Wells quotes the resolution of the Washington Chamber of Commerce, declaring that America's adhesion to an anti-German economic combination after the war depends on whether Germany will consent to a reduction of armaments and will offer a democratic government as a guarantee of peace. Now here, at least, is a gleam of light. If America joins the Anarchists and the Never-Endians, civilization is lost. But it is not lost at all, it is, on the contrary, regained and restored, should she approach Germany, as we ought long ago to have approached her, with the offer to exchange (in substance) her militarism for readmission into the Society of Nations and for a reopening of her international trade. Such a tender has two great advantages. It is a resort to the weapon which is decisive, not only of the superiority of the Allies, but of the only good issue to the war, and ensures that issue without a further prolongation of the struggle. There lies the real consequence of America's entry into the arena. Her troops do unquestionably yield us a predominance of numbers on the Western Front. But that is not her only or her real contribution. The value of the American Alliance is that it makes the economic factor supreme, and constitutes it the solvent of the war. Through it, and through it alone, Germany can be made to see, as she could never see before,

* See a most brilliant analysis of American Intervention in Dr. Weyl's "The End of the War." (Macmillan.)

† See an article by Mr. Brougham Villiers entitled "The Bankruptcy of the Belligerents," in the current number of "War and Peace."

‡ In an interview recorded in the "Daily Chronicle" of July 8th.

that while she can have her militarism and starve, she can also abate it and live.

Of that release for the world, America is the only possible instrument, and Mr. Wilson's Mount Vernon speech is its message. We might have been at least the forerunner of the gospel, but we let the chance slip, and, indeed, without America, the chain of economic pressure on Germany lacked its most powerful link. But there is only one way in which America can exert the moral influence to which her material contribution to the war entitles her. She must come formally into the counsels of the Allies. If she stays outside, she may indeed wage an American war, but she will never sign an American peace. Our politics are in the hands of people who do not mean that she should. The Never-Endians, the Tariff-mongers, the Imperialists of Europe will salute her arriving legions with resounding fanfares. But they will pigeon-hole her President's peace speeches. These men are not out for a new world or for a democratic one; they are out against the form of autocratic Imperialism which threatened to overshadow their own. If with America's aid they destroy it, they will indeed have rid society of a poisonous growth, but they will then proceed to prepare fresh cultutes of it. These things need not happen. America's idealism may still be a priceless gift of redemptive power to mankind. But it may be utterly perverted, and the combativeness, the intellectual ardor, the optimistic temperament of her people turned into grist for the making of militarism. There is our peril and her temptation; and the world may well hold its breath while she ponders them.

AUTONOMY FOR INDIA.

THERE are two propositions about India upon which the average opinion of this country has been agreed for some years. One of them is that at some date, however distant, the peoples of India must eventually govern themselves. The other is that it would be rash to confer instantly and by one overwhelming gift, a complete measure of autonomy, such as the Colonies enjoy. Both propositions were sincerely used; both sprang from a sense of reality, and both, in varying degrees, influenced our public policy. The romantic school which used to write, often with much literary charm, round the motto of "the unchanging East," had learnt something at last from facts. Its vision of the East was about as true as Mr. Stephen Graham's picture of Russia. The East can no more escape the world's economic processes than the West, and with a modernized Japan and a Republican China, the presumption in favor of the conservative view was gone. So long as autocracy was the rule from Petrograd to Peking, and from Constantinople to Teheran, a fraternal bureaucracy might justify its refusal to abandon power, but it could not hope to stand unmodified on the edge of a continent in revolution. The conservative school had already shifted its ground, and dwelt rather on the racial confusion, the illiteracy of the peasant mass, the inexperience of the educated class in India, by way of emphasizing the need for caution and delay.

The resultant of these two tendencies was a general acquiescence in the policy of the half-way house. There is little help in that metaphor towards a constructive policy. It is not easy to discover an intermediate stage between Home Rule and autocracy. The usual Crown Colony device of a consultative chamber, which enjoys the right of criticism, but exercises no real responsibility or control, is not in fact a good preparation for full self-government. The political leaders of the subject race gain no experience in administration, or even in the constructive work of legislation and finance, nor is the governing bureaucracy gradually brought to face the surrender or devolution of its powers. There is already machinery enough in India for the expression of public opinion, for criticism and the formulation of

demands. Lord Morley's reforms had carried this development to the furthest limits of which it is capable. Any further advance must confer real powers upon the people of India, and the problem was to devise some means of doing this, which would satisfy the demand for actual self-government now without endangering the whole structure of Indian government. During the first generation of experiment and adaptation, Mr. Montagu has solved this problem with ingenuity and statesmanship. He formed his model, we should guess, on the Irish Home Rule Act, which has thus given birth to offspring more lively than itself. That Act distinguished between functions which might at once be entrusted to an Irish Parliament and a responsible Irish Executive, and functions which should be conferred at a later date. The root idea of Mr. Montagu's plan is that the Indian people shall, through elected assemblies and native Ministers, at once attain self-government over certain regions of the national life.

So far as he concession goes, it is complete. The region of self-government may not at first be extensive, but it is capable of rapid extension, and each field as the Indian nation enters it, is its own to cultivate as it pleases. India will have from the first something that is absolutely her own, and in demanding more, she will be asking only for an inheritance already assigned to her. This is not the half-way house. It is the actual terminus. Its rooms may be taken over only one by one, and at intervals, but in each of them as the door opens, the Indian people will be its own master. The unit for gradually expanding autonomy will be the province, and no other could well have been chosen. Let us assume that education is (as it probably will be) the first of the "transferred" services. The whole work of drafting legislation, adjusting expenditure, and administering the schools of (say) Madras, will fall on the shoulders of an elected native member of the Madras Provincial Assembly, responsible to a native constituency; whole Bills and Budgets must be passed by this elected Assembly. Within this big field of education the will of the people of Madras will prevail, and they will govern their schools almost as freely and as fully as the people of England govern theirs.

We say "almost," for there are inevitable reservations. The Government of Madras will necessarily be a composite structure. Some subjects are "transferred" to popular self-government; others are "reserved" to the management of the bureaucracy. The "Cabinet" (if that word is applicable) consists therefore partly of "irresponsible" bureaucrats (including some native Indians), and partly of responsible native Ministers. There is no native Premier. It is the Governor in Council who appoints the native Ministers. His choice, however, is confined to elected members. Their constituents may reject them, or the Assembly, if it dislikes their policy, may by its opposition render a change of persons inevitable. We have here an inner and an outer government, somewhat after the plan of the War Cabinet and its appendages. There are in this plan obvious dangers of friction and dualism, but given goodwill in the Governor, and sagacity in the native parties, the scheme should yield what it promises. It will normally mean that each Province will be able to carry out its own Indian policy in education. As to how many services should at once be "transferred" to native Ministers and placed under the full control of the Provincial Assemblies, the Report does not dogmatize. It suggests, however, an extensive and important list of such services—local government, provincial taxation, education, sanitation, excise, and minor public works. That is a large sphere of self-government, and when it is fully occupied, Madras or Bombay will enjoy, save for the fact that an English Governor presides over its administration, almost as large a measure of Home Rule as Ireland should have had by the suspended Act.

Mr. Montagu has adopted a somewhat original plan of his own. It is not the plan of the Indian Congress, but it is, to our thinking, a much better, and in reality a more generous plan. The Indian Reformers had devised a halfway house which would have been a con-

stant theatre of strife. Anglo-Indian Executives, trained in the bureaucratic tradition, were to be responsible to Indian Legislatures. The result would probably have been that Indian parties would have used the power of the purse in order to bring this impossible dualism to a speedy end. Mr. Montagu's idea of making the concession of self-government complete, where it is made at all, is by far the wiser plan. It marks out at once a sphere of work and ambition for the constructive Nationalist. The period of criticism, agitation, and suggestion is over, and Indian reformers, when this Report is adopted, may at once begin, as responsible leaders of recognized majorities, to shape the public life of their native land. Nothing is finally withdrawn from them. If the first list of "transferred" services is inadequate, the Report provides for its revision at the end of five years. Still better is the suggestion that the whole fabric of Indian Government should be reviewed periodically at intervals of ten or twelve years. On this understanding it is possible to hope that the sense of embitterment, frustration, and impotence may pass from Indian Nationalism. It had work to do, and beyond this limited work a vista lies before it. Full autonomy is no longer the distant and unattainable goal. It has become with this Report an end which may well be reached in two or three decades.

While the proposals for conferring what is practically responsible Parliamentary government in the Provinces within certain fields of work, are the essence of Mr. Montagu's Report, there is much else in it which deserves a welcome. Even over the "reserved" services the provincial legislatures will have some influence, though no absolute control. The setting-up of full local self-government in district areas, as well as cities, is an immense advance. In the central governments also there is a big step forward towards democracy, for its Lower House will be to the extent of two-thirds an elected body, and normally its assent will be required for legislation. Even the Upper House will be partly (two-fifths) elected, and only half official. Thus even over the reserved services, and over questions vital to order and defence the elected elements, through a share in this central Senate, will have voice and influence, though not as yet the determining vote. It is a corollary of Indian self-government, that as it grows, the part of the Imperial Parliament must diminish. By proposing, however, to set up a standing committee for Indian Affairs in the Commons, Mr. Montagu would make Parliament a far more efficient instrument of ultimate control than it has ever been since the days of the Company.

It is no disparagement to the work of his predecessors who dealt with an India less ripe for reform, to say that Mr. Montagu has produced the boldest and most statesmanlike effort in construction that the Empire has seen in our generation. Big as it is, however, we certainly do not think that it goes too far. Our only doubt about it is, indeed, whether the older generation of Indian officials has elasticity of mind enough to adapt itself to the new era. Only a very exceptional man, after a life spent with autocratic powers as an administrator, will have imagination enough to become the loyal colleague of Indian Ministers responsible to an Indian Assembly. The scheme presupposes as the condition of its success the defeat and disappearance of deeply rooted traditions of racial ascendancy. We believe in its success, for to admit the possibility of failure would be to despair of the possibility of a Liberal Empire. Never indeed was a scheme of Indian reform launched in an atmosphere so friendly. The chivalry of the Indian peoples during these years of danger has had its response at home. Mr. Montagu is able, as Lord Morley was not, to work undisturbed by the alarms and resentments of a period of agitation and sedition. India, in spite of some foolish and provocative official acts, is calm, primarily because she is expectant. We have a great debt of loyalty and service in this war to repay, and without self-flattery, we may safely say that the British people is willing and even eager to repay it. If there are obstacles to these reforms, they will not come from British public opinion, from Parliament, or from the Press at home. Let us recollect, however, that bold as the scheme is, India had warrant to expect a

large and generous gift. The Government promised last August nothing less than "the gradual development of self-governing institutions with a view to the progressive realization of responsible government in India." Mr. Montagu's scheme honestly redeems that promise, and its publication with the approval of the Viceroy's Government makes it morally impossible to offer anything smaller. If the scheme is amended, as it is discussed, the total effect of any changes must not be to diminish its scope or lessen its generosity. Above all, if we wish to reap the moral fruits of these handsome and unforced concessions, we must act promptly. We dare not risk in India a repetition of the Irish failures and delays. A critical world watches us narrowly: let us hasten to be true to our better selves.

THE KÜHLMANN CRISIS.

The circumstances of Herr von Kuhlmann's speech of June 24th are still somewhat mysterious. For about a month before it was made the evidence had been accumulating that the German authorities were contemplating a political offensive. First came the surprising series of articles in the true-blue Junker "Kreuz-Zeitung." Their motive was more than a little dubious, indeed. Germany was to put forward a series of positive terms of peace; which were to be so carefully calculated that, while they gave the German Jingoists all they desired, they should have the effect of demonstrating to the neutral world that England was the real obstacle to peace, because she was determined to continue the war for selfish ends. Either the writer of the "Kreuz-Zeitung" articles must have had a singular conviction of the stupidity of the neutral world, or his whole scheme was disingenuous. One can hardly imagine that he seriously considered that the one concrete proposition among his terms—that Germany would evacuate Belgium on condition that England made the seas really free by surrendering Gibraltar, Malta, and Aden—would commend itself to neutral fairmindedness. It is, in fact, more probable that his object was to take advantage of the outburst of chauvinism occasioned by the German military successes in the West to force the Government to commit itself to a programme of Jingo peace terms from which it could never subsequently withdraw, and thus to break up the Reichstag majority by forcing the Socialists into opposition.

Nevertheless, whatever may have been the motive of the "Kreuz-Zeitung" articles, it was remarkable enough in itself that the great Conservative organ should have admitted that such a thing as a political offensive was possible at all. The articles created, as they were intended to create, a sensation, and in view of the connections of the "Kreuz-Zeitung" with the German military they were considered to be the signal for political action. When the discussion concerning them had died down, the theme was once more taken up on the eve of von Kuhlmann's speech by Georg Bernhard, the Editor of the Jingo "Vossische Zeitung." The thesis developed by Bernhard is more detailed and more interesting, though it is not clear how far it is due to authoritative suggestion. The theory of the Continent united under Germany against England has long been the speciality of the "Vossische Zeitung." But the turn given to the argument on this occasion lends it actual importance. The important thing, according to Bernhard, is to avoid coming to an understanding with England concerning the Continent. Germany must therefore offer to France and Belgium directly terms such that no French or Belgian Government could risk refusing them. But even if France and Belgium were to accept the German offer, the "Vossische" argues, that would not necessarily end the war. England and America might elect to continue the war against Germany by means of a Continental blockade. Therefore it is necessary to secure permanent friendly relations with Russia in order that Germany may be able to import raw materials and food to resist the blockade. For this purpose an immediate revision of the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk is indispensable. The revised treaty should grant Russia such

terms that would be recognized as binding by any Russian Government whatsoever.

This is what might be called the reasonable Jingo point of view in Germany. Georg Bernhard, Otto Hoetzsch, in the "Kreuz-Zeitung," and a certain group of pseudo-Socialist writers are its persistent exponents. Luckily, however, reasonable Jingoes are very rare in Germany. The majority of them will not hear of a revision of the Brest-Litovsk Treaty, which is to them the sacrosanct achievement of the infallible High Command, so that the prerequisite of the Continental understanding against England is not likely to be satisfied. Yet it is hardly conceivable that a political offensive could be conducted against England on other lines than these; any other line of attack would be merely ridiculous. The importance of Herr von Kuhlmann's speech, however, consisted precisely in the rejection of this method of political offensive by the German Foreign Office. The most important part of that speech was the assertion that Russia was responsible for the war. That was correctly interpreted by the German Jingoes as a deliberate exculpation of England. Of course, it does not occur to us in England that it calls for any particular courage in a German statesman to suggest indirectly that England was not responsible for the war. Nevertheless, it does call for courage in Germany to put the blame for the war upon Russia within a week after the German Kaiser himself has declared that the war is, in essence, a life-and-death struggle between German idealism and English sordidness. When this is taken in combination with the declarations that military decisions alone cannot bring peace, that in spite of the German successes there was no sign of any serious willingness to discuss peace among the Entente Powers, and that Germany was always open to receive proposals, there can be no doubt that von Kuhlmann was going as far as he dared in the way of inviting negotiations with England.

Yet that was probably not von Kuhlmann's deliberate intention. The subsequent speeches of Hertling and himself in reply to the violent attacks of Count Westarp and Stresemann could hardly have been made if von Kuhlmann's original speech had been a considered pronouncement concerted with the Chancellor and the High Command. As far as the evidence goes, it points to von Kuhlmann's having received some vague instructions from his superiors. He was probably told to damp down expectations, and to hint that the war would not, after all, be ended this year by the German military successes. But he was expected to do this with the ring of confidence in complete victory in his voice. Instead—the accounts are unanimous in this—he spoke like a man about to die, and the gloom which fell upon the Reichstag when he quoted von Moltke to the effect that a modern war would last seven—or thirty years, was insipid. Most probably it was because of the tone which he adopted that the Jingo attack upon him suddenly assumed the nature of a crisis. Quite possibly both the High Command and the Chancellor were in agreement with what he actually said—exculpation of England and all—but the tone in which he said it made it necessary for Hertling and von Kuhlmann to withdraw much of the actual speech merely because it was impossible for either to explain that the speech should have been made in joyful and confident accents.

And here is the probable explanation why the attack on von Kuhlmann by the Jingoes was not immediately successful. There is no reason to suppose that had his speech been in actual conflict with the views of the High Command there would have been any hesitation about dismissing him. The Hertling-von Payer-von Kuhlmann Government is nominally based on the support of the Reichstag Majority; but it has long since treated the July peace resolution as a dead letter, and the only question on which it can honestly be said to put up a show of opposition to the reactionary Right is that of the Prussian Franchise. Even here, in deference to the wishes of the High Command, it avoids applying the only means which will break the Conservative Opposition in the Prussian Diet—a dissolution. A Reichstag majority which cannot exert more control over its "own" Government than this was hardly strong enough to give the High Command pause when it decided on the removal

of von Kuhlmann. Not that they really objected to his appeal to England, because a peace offensive of any other kind must take the form advocated by the "Vossische," and must therefore involve the revision of the Brest-Litovsk Treaty which was the particular achievement of the High Command. It is the East which really exercises the supreme German authorities; in the East they desire as much in the way of disguised annexation and frontier securities as they can hold. Therefore they are always really willing for a bargain with England on the basis that the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk is absolutely maintained.

But no political offensive and no political action is possible on these lines now. Such a policy only means that Germany must wait on England's good pleasure, and she must wait till Doomsday before negotiations will be entered on such a basis. There is, however, some evidence that this basis may shortly be abandoned. The emphasis in the German Press upon the chaos and uncertainty of Prussian conditions is becoming more and more marked. When the German authorities are ready to put the Eastern settlement into the pool, the serious work of peace will begin.

A PLAN TO WIPE OUT WAR DEBT.

THERE is no more striking testimony to the insanity of war than the recklessness of a finance which must bring all Europe to the brink of bankruptcy and revolution when peace comes. Some nations will be in a worse case than others, but the burden of national indebtedness will everywhere present statesmen with a crop of problems which they cannot shirk and cannot solve except by dangerously revolutionary devices. Other issues may be evaded or postponed by astute political managers. But the necessity of finding the huge sums of money to pay the interest on the War Loans in a time of the gravest economic disorder and uncertainty cannot be dodged. In a remarkable article to which we allude elsewhere, "War and Peace" presents a calculation of the situation for the Continental belligerents which shows that Austria-Hungary has already eaten up four-fifths of its entire capital value in war debt, while none of the other countries falls far short of one-half. As for our own debt it could not be less than 7,000 millions net, even were the war to end now, or some 40 per cent. of our aggregate wealth.

An honest solution for Austria, Germany, or even Italy, or France, seems impossible, for no statesman dare face the obloquy involved in such huge taxation as would be required to meet the bill. Countries which have financed their war almost entirely by borrowing and printing money will not be likely to exhibit the courage necessary to abandon these practices. Even in this country, unless our statesmen are compelled by public opinion to wipe out a large part of the debt by a capital levy, the temptation to keep on borrowing during a period of resettlement may prove irresistible. Everywhere, indeed, the financial situation will seem to carry the alternations of ruinous taxation or repudiation. Now, as we may rule out repudiation for the Western world, the whole pressure will come upon devising some way of softening the rigors of taxation. Continuing the process of borrowing, in order to pay interest on war-debt, is, of course, a cowardly shirking which must aggravate the catastrophe a little later on. But there is a path, already disclosed by war finance, which is certain to be explored further. We mean inflation in the shape of a public manufacture of money. Already several schemes for doing this have come to our notice; some of them inspired rather by the desire to get cheap State credit for agricultural and other development than by the motive of paying the war-bill. But as the gravity of the financial situation presses closely, we feel sure that the greatest of all confidence tricks will be proposed. The implicit reasoning will be this: If we have to find so huge a sum of money to pay the interest and capital of the war debt, we can only do it by cutting down the proportion of the "real" income of the nation that goes in these payments. This can be done by supplying plenty

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of money which, keeping a high level of prices, will swell the income of all classes and so enable them to bear more easily a large demand for public revenue. The payment of war interest and principal in this inflated money will mean, *per contra*, that the war-bond holders get a good deal less real wealth than they would otherwise have got. This will not be thought out clearly in such terms, but the whole pressure of politics will be in the direction of favoring schemes that contribute to this result.

The boldest of these schemes has just been set out by Mr. E. A. Stilwell, a well-known American financier, in a little book entitled "The Great Plan" (Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. 6d.). It has the great merits of largeness and simplicity. Mr. Stilwell rightly approaches the issue as an international one. For it is evident that problems like the restoration of such countries as Belgium, Poland, and Serbia, and the rationing of a world starving for food and raw materials, can only be solved by an international co-operation with a financial basis. If the salvation of the world is to be compassed by an international conference and a League of Nations, the most urgent practical work of these bodies must demand an international finance. The physical and technical means of economic restoration will exist, the land, the plant, the labor, with which fresh streams of wealth may be produced. But the enormous disparity in the distribution of the wealth, owing to the relative strength and weakness of the claims upon it of some countries and some classes within the several countries, arising from the war-indebtedness, will paralyze production and threaten revolution, if no remedy is found.

Here Mr. Stilwell comes in with his financial audacity. Let all the war-costs of the different nations, not only their debts but their tax-expenditure, be presented to a Committee of the International Congress. Let us assume that the total of these sums is 25,000 million pounds—it must be much more. The International Congress shall authorize an issue of 100 year Sinking Fund World Bonds for that amount, the bonds to bear 1 per cent. interest. Each nation receiving bond certificates corresponding in value to its total war-costs will be able to pay or to receive any advances it may have made or given during the war. The first effect will be that all the debts as between nations will be cleared off. These world-bonds, based upon international credit, are to be redeemed by a Sinking Fund, to which every State shall make an annual contribution, consisting of the saving that accrues to it from its reduction in expenditure in armaments as compared with the average of its pre-war expenditure. "The total annual saving," Mr. Stilwell thinks, "will be from 1,200 millions to 1,700 million dollars, which will pay off the bonds in less than one hundred years." Each nation receiving at the outset a sum in World Bonds, enabling it to redeem at once its entire war debt, with a margin over, representing its tax-expenditure, should take power to redeem its bonds before they are due. "If the English Government did not wish to compel the holders of War Loan stock to accept this Bond Currency (the best currency in the world) for their stock, it could at all events at once redeem all the Government stock held by those willing to sell, and the remaining sum of Bond Currency could in the meantime be loaned to railroads, manufacturers, and industrial enterprises."

Nobody has ever proposed so huge a scheme for the making of money out of public confidence. If the confidence existed, we do not say that it could not be done. But consider what that assumption is. Hitherto the financial relations between members of different nations have stood upon the right of the holder of paper to demand and obtain gold, or, in some cases, silver. Mr. Stilwell's world currency not only sheds this basis, but apparently assumes no other legal basis. For though State-bonds, even if not convertible into gold, would be supported ultimately by the taxing power of the State, his world-bonds would have no such body of real wealth behind them, at any rate until an International Government had endowed itself with powers to levy on the wealth of its constituent nations for the support of its bonds. The fund of moral confidence, that would enable the issue of this world-currency to be redeemed by the

certain process of disarmament and the maintenance of world peace, would prove, we fear, to be non-existent at the beginning of the new world-order. The disgust of war and the need of economy which must follow peace cannot be relied upon at once to furnish a reliable moral basis of such international credit as "The Great Plan" demands. There is one other comment applicable to this as to all the other schemes for state or inter-state manufacture of credit. It would cause a sudden new inflation, accompanied by a further upward bound of prices. It may be that the Governments will find themselves driven along this road of inflation as the way of least resistance and of apparent safety. But the war has shown how slippery a road it is, and the fact that every interest will be clamoring for credit when peace comes is no safe guide to the amount of credit, or new currency, that ought to be provided.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

So the Government is not all that it should be. It is guilty of "weakness" and "vacillation." It is given to "feeble and inconsistent action." It imagines "dark mysteries." It indulges in "unnecessary reticence." In a word, it is not quite such a perfect image of violence and folly that it would be if Lord Northcliffe were undisputed arbiter of its destinies, instead of merely controlling them six days out of every seven. Thus the "Times" on the Government it brought forth. Thus, in a descending scale of insolent vituperation, the "Mail" and the "Evening News." It is all very sad. Mr. George means well and tries hard, and yet fails to live up to the level of Lord Northcliffe's "Pom." He lets whole days pass without ensnaring "Cuthberts," insulting neutrals, and exhibiting his country as the home of gutter-snipes and the breeding-ground of congenital idiots. So Lord Northcliffe begins to announce that he has nearly done with him, and would prefer some undiscovered under-study in the art of wrecking the Empire. I see no ground for complaint on Mr. George's part. People who build their house on the sands must expect to see it slide from under them. Certainly Lord Northcliffe is a hard task-master, yet his victim never flinches under the lash. Mr. George is driven on to a policy which implies an insult to the King. No matter; the order must be executed. Lord Northcliffe rubs the ring again, and Lord Milner is practically ordered out of office. What is the next morning's mandate? With what cap and bells shall our statesmen next sit crowned in Eblis? They may be trusted to don the head-gear without a murmur.

MEANWHILE, I credit no stories of reconstruction. Mr. George might at an earlier period have liked to have Mr. Asquith back; an intimate friend of the Prime Minister did in fact try to open such a negotiation. But it came to nothing: the personal estrangement was too great. It subsists. The Government continues without a rival, and also without a policy, and therefore with no visible prospect of bringing the war to an end. I doubt whether in any real sense it is a political Government at all. The tragedy of the war is that its immense material complexity inhibits the statesmen who conduct it from thinking seriously of its politics, let alone of its ethics. Each day brings its task in war mechanics and that suffices. So that while the world is in travail, no one has the time even to listen to the voice of its suffering. The deadly sin of doing simply obliterate the cardinal virtue of thinking. That is no fable. It is the essential and elementary truth about the "conduct" of the war.

THE Northcliffe Press half-boycotts Mr. George's speech to the American troops, but it should not be quite fruitless. It is vague, formless, and undignified, inconsistent with the Secret Treaties, and unconnected with all kinds of earlier suggestions and declarations. Still, in effect it is a tender of a League

of Nations peace, and even of a peace of no annexations. Thus our diplomacy is for the first time brought into some kind of harmony with the President's. What is Germany's answer to be? Nominally, she still remains at the point at which the Czernin-Hertling reply to President Wilson fixed her. But if so, she is debarred from resuming her offensive without an acknowledgment of the Wilson-George tender and some positive rejoinder to it. If she is silent and irresponsive, she exposes herself, under the watchful eyes of her Socialists, to the charge she brought against us after the declaration of Versailles. It is always possible therefore that, sooner or later, she will accept the George-Wilson basis, and invite a Conference on it. She knows that the problem of American transport has been solved and that a million American soldiers stand on the soil of France. It is only a question of how deep that fact has soaked into her statesmen's consciousness. For the moment, and superficially, the German political situation looks as bad as bad can be. The more or less Liberal Kühlmann is gone, and a feeble tool of von Tirpitz is in his place, with the sinister figure of von Bülow in the background. Thus pan-Germanism rides rampant; and Germany's diplomacy puts her hopelessly in the wrong with every force that counts. But she has raised the black flag before, and had to lower it.

My Irish correspondence shows an Ireland which takes the last blow at her liberties with a certain sardonic gratification. "Now you have really done the thing in style. We have a Governor who sups with the rebels of Belfast and entertains the rest of us as poisonous insects. We have all Irish assemblies prohibited, except those which deride our religion and deny our nationality. And you've proclaimed the Gaelic League. Why, as John McNeill said, not proclaim the Irish people? You know you regard them as an illegal assembly, and that it is intolerable to you even to think of an Ireland with a culture that differs from that of Shoreditch. Was not Metternich right to forbid the Duc of Reichstadt to know that he had a father? 'King of Rome, indeed! Your name is Reichstadt.' Still, you seem to speak to us as Caliban spoke to Stephano, with two voices—a 'backward' and a 'forward' voice. Which voice was it that named Mr. James MacMahon, Home Ruler and Catholic, for Under-Secretary? But you must excuse our laughter when your Lord Curzon, anxious to make good his case against the Catholic clergy, goes so far as to make a priest say that 'God will cry to Heaven for vengeance.' Every Catholic rejects such illiterate rubbish, and merely sees in it scraps picked from the 'mental notes' of your policemen. And withal you still try and enlist the Church as an agency in voluntary recruiting. The other day an unknown statesman even inspired a meeting between Cardinal Logue and Lord French, which the Cardinal closed with such indignant precipitation that he would not even accept a cup of tea from his hostess." From which (and much in the same strain) I gather that Lord French's Viceroyalty is not exactly a success.

MR. ALLAN BAKER, who died so suddenly last week, was in his way a great public servant. Little was ever heard of his work, for Mr. Baker never spoke of it, save to those whom it was meant to benefit. He went a good deal about the world, and saw many of its great men. He had the Quaker's gift of gaining their confidence and dropping the word in season. This he never failed to do. He was thus a rare example of an almost unknown species—the Christian diplomatist. He felt for his country, but he felt, too, for the world. His quiet influence will be much missed.

I AM unfeignedly glad to see the Duke of Rutland stirring up the Bishops to interest themselves in our old and somewhat forgotten friend, the Prayer for Rain. That eminent and highly successful pietist (for his petition seems to have been granted almost before it was uttered, and in advance of any obvious intervention on the part of the Bishops) seems to have grasped the general principles of his subject quite well, but I find him a little

wanting in the detail of their application. The real difficulty seems to be that while our National Church (following the great Prussian example) inclines to the tribal view of religion, a liberal use of the Prayer for Rain lands us in a kind of spiritual heptarchy. For beside the difficulty that the Prayer for Rain is not a prayer for a flood (save, maybe, in the case of Hun crops), but a prayer for a sufficiency of rain, at the right time, there is the standing trouble of distribution. In other words, Farmer A, a possible latitudinarian, and with his eye on the wheat of his heavy lands, stands on an entirely different level of need in the matter of rain from Farmer B, equally concerned with his perishing soul and his parching roots. In such a case, there might be a danger that B's sufficiency would be purchased at the price of A's excess. I confess I have never quite seen my way out of these and similar dilemmas, save by substituting for the Prayer for Rain (and indeed for the Lord's Prayer and all qualified forms of petition) a general prayer for getting everything everyone happens to want. This is really the request which rises, uttered or unexpressed, from every breast, and thus leads us away from particularism to the Church Universal, as the modern mind conceives it.

I OWE an apology to Sir James Barrie. Some years ago I wrote a hostile review of his play, "What Every Woman Knows," and was properly rebuked by Mr. Archer. Now that it is published (by Hodder & Stoughton) as a volume of a uniform edition of his plays, and I have the good fortune to read it again, I recant my criticism, and recognize this pleasant comedy for what it is. I even understand the title. "What Every Woman Knows," is the indubitable truth that the man she loves is a fool. What every politician knows is that the career of John Shand is not a whit baser or more absurd than the average political ambition. What every critic ought to know is that the business of the literary man is to display the follies of his time, not to pander to them. And what I in particular ought to have known was that Sir James Barrie meant all these things, and expounded them with his accustomed delicacy and good nature.

I AM interested in the Prime Minister's praise of the art of preaching, for I was under the impression that there was not very much of it. But I should admit one exception to what may after all be an unjust or a too indifferent and superficial verdict. I should have said that London contained one preacher of exceptional genius. And that, beyond all doubt, he was Dr. Orchard.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE WORLD OF WATER.

AN enthusiastic book is generally pleasant reading, and Mr. Neal Green's "Fisheries of the North Sea" (Methuen) is the work of an enthusiastic fisherman. He is not the kind of fisherman who industriously flogs the running stream with rod and line, enjoys the scenery almost as much as the catch, reckons his triumphs by the pound weight, and describes them in statistics not always tallying with the kitchen scales. His tackle is the net, the beam, the "otter-doors," and the trawler dragging under steam. He reckons triumphs by the thousand tons, and the finest specimens of his prey are never stuffed to adorn the parlors of country inns. They are jammed together in boxes, flung on the wharves of Grimsby or Billingsgate, and hurried away to glut the populations of enormous cities. So infectious is his enthusiasm over fishes, so alluring his estimates of their multitude, their cheapness, and their value in protein, that we almost wonder mankind has ever wasted time and money upon keeping sheep and oxen, deer, hares, rabbits, and birds for the support of life.

In these days, when the dry surface of the earth has

become a scene of horror, it is some comfort to reflect upon that far larger and more populous world which exists below the surface of the waters—a world into which man seldom intrudes, and which is benefited rather than ruined by the course of war. What solace in reading that the ocean still covers five-sevenths of the earth's surface, that its average depth is 11,000 feet, and the volume of its water 3,000,000,000 cubic miles! Around the shores of the solid lands upon which man practices his enormities are stretched 10,000,000 square miles of water less than a hundred fathoms in depth. "In this area are sea-meadows of great productivity, prairies fed and fertilized by ocean currents bringing daily and hourly the food on which fish subsist." There go the sea-serpents, and there the Leviathan sports. There, in obscure twilight, hordes of fishes beyond calculation of number move perpetually to and fro, having their business in great waters—flat fish with both eyes on one side of the head, camouflaging themselves to suit the nature of the bottom and the color of the depth; cat-fish and monk fish, with huge heads, staring eyes like agates, and crests that wave like sea-grass for a bait; cod-fish, whose yawning mouthsgulp down hymn-books dropped from the mission boats; herrings in serried shoals of innumerable millions, guided by some inexplicable race memory at regular seasons of the year to seek the spawning grounds where they may deposit their billions on billions of eggs. In the British Isles alone, Mr. Green tells us, 3,000,000,000 herrings are landed in a season, and for every hundred he allows an average of 4,000,000 eggs—really a low estimate. It is all a scene of amazing life and bewildering fertility—a scene of vital *élan* if ever there was. We suppose it is a scene of dim or semi-conscious happiness as well. But for the terrors that "*Dora*" hangs over all heads, we should recall the joys described by the mermaid to the fisherman.

"Ach wässtest du wie's Fischlein ist
So wohtig auf dem Grund."

It is marvellous and, on the whole, a happy picture. It is true that the only occupations of the varied creatures in this swarm of life are feeding themselves and reproducing their species. But, after all, those are the main occupations of all living beings under the sun; and if the fishes feed themselves entirely by devouring other forms of life, so do birds, so do lions, and so do men and women, however vegetarian. The basis of the food for fishes is the so-called Plankton—a variety of minute and even microscopic substances, all organic, all alive. Plankton, says Mr. Green, is made up of algae, larvæ, eggs of fish, starfish, jelly-fish, and microscopic living substances, transparent, delicate animals so small that millions can be contained in a pint of water—the creatures which combine to form the phosphorescent light upon a disturbed or gently breaking sea. No profound depths of human pity are moved by the fate of eggs or microscopic jellies, but we have to remember that the larger fishes and the mammals of the sea prefer their plankton transformed into the bodies of other fishes, and all species of these happy inhabitants of the waters are perpetually waging cannibal wars upon the others:—

"The voracity of fish," we read, "is extraordinary; often they will swallow other fish until their stomach is distended to such an extent that they fall an easy prey in turn to larger fish. Many can eat other fish bigger than themselves; others, if they cannot manage the whole of their prey, will swallow half, and when that is digested draw in the other half, which in the interval was sticking out of the mouth of the victor."

We do not know how many hundred pounds of fish an Alderman used to consume in peace-time, but a porpoise consumes about a hundred tons per annum, the value of which, at a low estimate, would be a thousand pounds; so that a single porpoise could probably give a whole City Company fifty points in a hundred and win. During their periodic migrations, the shoals of herring are ravenously pursued by hosts of cod-fish, porpoises, seals, hake, and coal-fish; to say nothing of the haddock, which "sets in" upon the herring spawn, often covering the bottom of the sea for hundreds of square miles. So even the pellucid ocean is not really a realm of peace, and the sea

has her victories and defeats no less destructive than the land. The main difference—a consoling difference—appears to be that among fishes the old are included in the destruction; or rather that no fish in the sea ever survives to become decrepit with age. No elderly fish is ever combed out of the nets upon our shores.

But, besides their kinsfolk, the fishes have another, and equally formidable devouring enemy, in man. Before the war the skilled ferocity of man was so rapidly increasing in power that it threatened to depopulate some of the most wealthy and thickly-inhabited regions of the North Sea bottom. The most terrible of man's implements for the destruction of fish has been the steam trawler, introduced upon the North Sea in continually increasing numbers within the last thirty years, and, before the war, ranging far away to Iceland and the White Sea. The meaning of the change to the fish may be imagined from two figures: in 1860 at Grimsby 4,537 tons of fish was landed—hardly more than enough to feed forty porpoises; in 1910 the tonnage had gone up to 179,792. It was in that year that the present writer was living in a trawler upon the Dogger Bank. There were then four fleets of steam-trawlers continuously at work, each fleet having about thirty-five boats out at a time, and he calculated that, if, as was usual, the trawls were down for twenty hours out of the twenty-four, each fleet would in that time have scraped up the fish over a strip of ground forty miles long by rather more than two-thirds of a mile broad. All four fleets together would, therefore, cover a strip of that breadth 160 miles long in a day and night. In a note written at the time he thus described the process, repeated thrice on each trawler in the twenty-four hours:—

"Sole, turbot, haddock, plaice, cod, whiting, gurnet, skate, catfish, and a crowd of small things lumped together as 'offal,' are swept into the trawl over the heavy foot-rope that drags along the bottom in a concave curve between the otter-doors. All are borne down into the hundred feet of bag, or get entangled in the pockets, and a flap of netting across the middle of the trawl prevents their escape. At the end of the haul the engine on deck winds in the steel hawsers, or 'warps,' round the reels or 'bollards,' the trawl leaves the bottom, it is dragged up through the rush of 10 or 15 fathoms, it emerges on the trawler's port side, men seize the bag, the engine whirls again, and they guide the bag on deck. They loosen the cord at the bag's end, and out into the big 'pound' tumbles the masses of seaweed, stones, merlog, whelk-spawn, sea-urchins or 'buzzies,' and the struggling multitude of fish.

"Ankle-deep among them, in great sea-boots, three men stand, each holding a small, sharp knife. Seizing the fish one by one just below the head, they slit the smooth white belly downward with one stroke, tear out the entrails, and fling each fish into a small pound according to its kind, to lie squirming and flapping till it dies. Even before the whole lot is gutted, sorted, and packed in the regulation boxes, down goes the trawl again."

So man is more terrible in his methods, and perhaps in his destructive power, than the enemies who share the sea with fish, and it was no wonder that "*Bruce's Garden*" and "*The Outer Silver Pit*" (once renowned for soles which are now almost extinct there) began to yield gradually less, so that many trawlers were driven to try the White Sea, thin and tasteless though the fish there are. The war has made a change, and one may hope the Dogger Bank, at all events, is enjoying a period of comparative rest upon this distracted globe. Mr. Neal Green tells us that 2,000 steam trawlers are now engaged in the war. It may be so; and, indeed, no one can overestimate the service that our trawlers have performed. "If the Kaiser had known as we'd got trawlers, he'd never have declared war," said a Dogger Bank skipper to the present writer in the Dardanelles. There were the trawlers, gallant little ships of the "*Game Cock*" and other fleets, always ready to start in any weather, carrying supplies of guns or men, sweeping for mines, or anchored in the Straits within rifle range of the enemy's coast. What will become of their skippers and crews if ever the war should end, we do not know. In the distant days of peace, their life was hard enough; in bitter cold, drenching wet, daily peril in rowing the "boxes" to the "cutter" for the market; never at home for more than

two or three days at a time, and hardly for a month in the whole year; so disregarded that England in all her glory could not afford a doctor for each of the fleets but one of them had to go without, though serious accidents occurred in almost every breeze. Yet they loved to sing "The Old Ship of Zion," with its chorus of "Ship Ahoy!" and they shouted to each other, "Count your blessings, count your blessings—one by one—one by one." We can only hope that, at the end of the war, their blessings will not need such accurately careful counting, and that their trawls, to which the country will look for its needed food, will not be caught in the entanglements of wrecks upon the North Sea banks far more damaging than merlog.

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER'S VOTE.

THE troops in the field have lately been issued with identification-cards to fill up for the purposes of the national register, and this event suggests an interesting speculation as to what will be the result of throwing into the political scales the opinions of some five million men who for the last two or three years have been speechless. What is likely to be their attitude to the questions at issue? And, since all questions at present resolve themselves into one, what is likely to be their view of our war aims and of the measures taken to attain them?

At first sight it might appear probable that since the Army is now recruited from all classes and persuasions, its verdict on any given subject would not differ materially from that of any corresponding number of civilians. But this would be to overlook the special conditions governing their case.

In the first place, it is prudent to remember the intellectual stagnation into which the majority have sunk, a stagnation required by military discipline, applauded by the Government Press, and rendered habitual by prolonged exile in a foreign land. It is not that the majority of them are by nature or origin too careless or self-centred to take an interest in public affairs; indeed, in the case of the volunteers, at least, it must be supposed that their sense of civic responsibility was highly developed. It is simply that to men living in the continued anticipation of sudden death, discussions as to the best means of protecting and regulating life begin to look a little academic. They cannot help it. They have had to do without the elementary rights of citizenship for such a long period that they have grown used to the deprivation, and can no longer be called citizens except in the language of very romantic Whiggery.

Until recently some journals tried to keep alive the myth of the "citizen soldier," in opposition apparently to that more favored section of the Press which represented, and still represents, our soldiers as the reckless "Tommies" of Mr. Kipling's fiction. But plausible as it may have been a year or two ago, the myth could not survive the Russian disclosures. To dream that he was fighting for the safety of England and the self-determination of nationalities, and to discover, on awakening, that he seemed to be asked to fight for the partitioning of Persia and the monopoly of African palm-kernels, was too much for the citizen soldier. Many a hopeful young Cato turned "Tommy" in those dark days, and deliberately adopted the mental gamut ranging from apathy to fanaticism, which is the despair of statesmen and the delight of general officers.

In drawing a comparison, therefore, between the Army voter and the civilian, it is worth remembering that the former will be to some extent a political Rip Van Winkle. He will be trying to exercise powers which had fallen into abeyance, groping after ideas and habits of thought which he had never expected to require again, and he will be all the more susceptible to the influence of ideas which may be officially issued to him for the occasion, by having few or none of his own in working order.

On the other hand—and here is the second point to

be noticed—this very atrophy of his civic conscience may dispose him to take a wider view of affairs than is possible to many civilians. He understands the war as no one else thoroughly understands it. He knows it, not as a chequer-board of triumphs and defeats, but as a universal evil involving victor and vanquished alike. Whether he advances or retires his hardships remain, and to be stationary is for him a treadmill without respite. He moves for months and years in a charmed circle of desolation, amid objects replete with every kind of despairing and cynical suggestion. The wrecked cottage, the shattered calvary, the dead face burst by the wheel which has passed over it; these things speak to him not so much of wrongs committed by one nation upon another as of the common injury that mankind has done to itself. And there is a sickness of the heart that comes upon him in a captured trench even in the moment of triumph; an anti-climax; a sudden sense that, after all, captors and prisoners are all alike unfortunate.

The brave black-and-white of civilian war sentiment seems unnatural to him: mud color is the only wear. He has acquired a kind of tepid fellow-feeling for the enemy's rank and file, based, not like "Tommy's" admiration for the Fuzzy-Wuzzy, on the qualities they may show as soldiers, but on the miseries they must be enduring as men. He is near enough to them to know that they are not the monsters of Harmsworth fiction, but men of like passions with himself; and when he finds photographs of wife and "kiddies" in his prisoner's pocket he is touched.

It is true that this half-conscious sympathy has seldom threatened discipline, and it does not prevent the troops in opposing trenches from shooting each other down cheerfully enough when occasion requires. But shooting is nowadays a perfunctory sort of business; it means very little, and it will probably mean less and less as time goes on. The attempts made by the Press to stimulate the war-hate of our troops by attacking the military character of the German soldier do not affect their general feeling about him. They know that he is no coward; they know that he is not at his wits' end; and as for his alleged inhumanity, they know that many of our wounded must in the nature of things owe their lives to his forbearance. Attacks on the German soldier are felt to be in some degree attacks on all soldiers, and only help to widen the breach that already separates military and civilian sentiment. Deep down in the sub-conscious stratum of the soldier's mind is the slowly expanding conviction that all common soldiers are victims of the same circumstance. Somewhere, he fancies, "In regions mild, of calm and serene air," sit the beings whom he calls "the Heads": vague, prosperous, powerful figures. It is "the Heads" who willed the war in the first place, he thinks; it is "the Heads" who alone can end it; and, meanwhile, it is in fetters forged by "the Heads" that the European soldier lies languishing like Prometheus.

It is probable, therefore, that if there were no canvass, the Army voter would be found more ready than the civilian to support the European as distinct from the purely national point of view in any question where these two might prove to be in conflict; and it is pretty certain that he would have much less hesitation in helping to make a clean sweep of existing political notabilities. But it is obvious that there must be a canvass of some kind, for now that the Army is admitted to the ballot, no Government that may be returned to power can afford to dispense with its support or neglect the means to procure it. And once the necessity of an Army canvass is admitted, it becomes clear that it can only be partial and one-sided. Not only must the pamphlets and declarations of out-and-out pacifists be taboo, but under a military censorship a large amount of literature devoted to a liberal and fair-minded discussion of our problems will inevitably be withheld as unsuitable for "Tommy" to read. The only party that will really gain a hearing will be the War Party for the time being; the party responsible for the prosecution of hostilities. What that means is only too evident in the light of past events. It is difficult to avoid the con-

clusion that the very men who might, under God, have been the means of banishing illiberality from our counsels, may, under the Censor, become the instrument for maintaining it there.

"AT THE FRONT."

Communications.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND THE OLDER UNIVERSITIES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—There has been one curious omission from the interesting correspondence upon Public School Education which has recently appeared in your columns. No one, as far as I have seen, has pointed out that the characteristics, both good and bad, of the Public Schools are very largely a reflex of the characteristics of the two older Universities. Yet the former are, in the main, what the latter make them. It is at Oxford and Cambridge that the majority of Public School Masters form their conception of education. It is to Oxford and Cambridge that the majority of the cleverer boys in the Public Schools will proceed. It is the scholarship examinations of Oxford and Cambridge Colleges which determine the curricula of the upper forms of Public Schools. It is Oxford and Cambridge which set the intellectual standards, the moral *hōs*, the outlook on society to which the Public Schools tend to conform. No doubt there is action and reaction. Considering how small a fraction of the population is educated in schools which are described—rather quaintly—as "Public," the proportion of undergraduates which Oxford, at any rate, draws from them is astonishingly large; and if Oxford and Cambridge set their stamp upon the Public Schools and the two older Universities, they are themselves very largely at the mercy of the material which the Public Schools send to them. But in the informal and largely unconscious alliance between the Public Schools and the two older Universities to preserve a corner of higher education, preponderatingly, though not, of course, exclusively, for the relatively well-to-do, the Universities are certainly the predominant partner. If together they form an educational island connected only by slender bridges with the main continent of public education, it is the Universities who hold the keys. And if you desire to see a change in the Public Schools, it is, I suggest, with the two older Universities that reform must begin.

It ought to begin with them, indeed, quite irrespective of its effect upon the schools. For, after all, the question is perhaps a somewhat larger one even than your correspondents have suggested. They have criticized Public Schools because, among other reasons, their tone is said to be exclusive, because their outlook is apt to be narrow and artificial, because intellectual standards are lax and their social standards reacting. But these are just the faults which are characteristic, not only of the Public Schools, but of our whole system of middle-class higher education. They are certainly too characteristic of the older Universities. And in the Universities those defects are far more disastrous than they are in the Public Schools. For the Universities do not only influence the Public Schools, they stand in a special relation to the Civil Service, to the professions, to national life and the activities of the State. The Church, the Bar, and some parts of the Press are largely staffed by men who have formed their opinions in the atmosphere of the two older Universities. If the interests and ambitions of the commercial classes are the main driving force behind the movements of public affairs, it is still predominantly the graduates of Oxford and Cambridge who preside over the daily working of the administrative machine and who advise as to legislation. I cannot, therefore, agree with those who are disposed to wave aside as irrelevant to serious educational progress the question of the character and organization of the two older Universities, and who say: "Let them stew in their own juice. If they will not reform themselves, we can do without them." That attitude, however natural, I believe to be profoundly mistaken. The influence of Oxford and Cambridge extends far beyond the circle immediately affected by them, because, Oxford and Cambridge control several strategic points in our social and educational system. Their *métier* hitherto has been to supply the governing classes with the common intellectual habits needed to hold them together and to enable them to present a united front. They are the guardians of a social tradition rather than of a national culture. It is, of course, precisely for that reason that proposals to reform them usually arouse a storm of indignation in minds which regard most questions of educational policy with equable indifference. They are not merely places of education; they are social institutions. To alter their character is to do something more than to make a change in a piece of educational machinery. It is to touch one of the *arcana* of class ascendancy.

Academic reformers, in my experience, usually understand by reform some rearrangement of "schools" or curricula; and it is probably my own ignorance which prevents me from sympathizing fully with those who see something progressive, liberal, and emancipating in the study of natural science and its application to industry, and an effete superstition in the pursuit of literature and history. But quite apart from questions of curricula, there appear to me to be three incontestable conditions of a healthy system of education, and, in so far as

life is affected by education, of a healthy natural life. The first is that the organization of Universities should be such that representatives of all classes should be able to enter them easily and mix freely in them. The second is that the test of admission should be intelligence and character, not the possession of money or social position. The third is that their constitution and government should be such as to ensure that they will be responsive to the gradually changing needs of the educational and social worlds around them. Unless you have the first you sow the seeds of social divisions in the very institutions which should do most to overcome them; you send out young men who mistake the prejudices of a class for the interests of a nation, because they have never mixed with their fellow-countrymen, and who, properly speaking, indeed, do not even know what manner of beings their fellow-countrymen are. Unless you have the second, you admit amiable fools because they are well-to-do and exclude able boys because they are poor; you hold up to the nation an evil example of deference—Heaven knows we have suffered from it enough in this war!—to ignorance when it is gilded, and of contempt for intellect when it is not; you practice a kind of educational simony and give a daily demonstration of materialism which no theoretical teaching can efface. Unless you have the third you will not have the other two. When I look at the world of industry I confess to a sneaking sympathy for syndicalism. But I consider my own University a syndicalist institution if ever there was one, and I tremble.

The tragedy of English education is the tragedy of English social life. It is the organization of education upon lines of class. Education should have been the great uniter. Too often it has been the greater divider. For that tragedy, with all that it entails and will entail in the days to come, the two older Universities bear some considerable responsibility. They did not originate it, but they have acquiesced too readily in its continuance. They are still, in a sense, the apex of the educational system of the country. They are a kind of symbol of what Englishmen understand by higher education. And among the many excellent lessons which they teach, they teach one that is, I venture to say, wholly degrading. It is that if a boy has money and no brains he will find it extremely easy to obtain a university education, while if a boy has brains and no money he will find it extremely difficult. The effect of the humiliating connection of the two older Universities with wealth and social position involves a permanent demoralization of the national temper which is even more disastrous than the injustices which it inflicts upon individuals or the waste of ability to which it condemns the nation. It is a perpetual lesson in cynicism. It gives a kind of academic canonization to the snobbery, half intellectual laziness, half coarseness of moral fibre, which are the characteristic vices of English society. It is as though the Universities said, "Who cares for the things of the spirit? Hand us out the dough." There have been ages and institutions in which learning was almost the ally of poverty. Our older Universities have come near, if not to creating, at least to tolerating, the alliance between learning and wealth. They cater largely for the products of the Public Schools, and the Public Schools cater for them. Is it any wonder if, as so many of your correspondents have complained, the Public Schools tend, no doubt with many exceptions, to be straitened in their social sympathies and somewhat contemptuous of intellectual discipline?

Oh! I know what can be said on the other side. "Life in a College is necessarily expensive. Besides, there are enough scholarships for every able boy of small means, and we must not lower the intellectual standard by offering too many. What proof is there that clever boys find it difficult to get a university education? And after all, if Oxford and Cambridge are expensive, other Universities are cheaper." It is quite true that life in college is expensive, that there are scholarships and exhibitions, and that there are other and cheaper Universities. These things are true, and it is only fair to admit them. But they are not the whole truth. Granted that there are scholarships, that does not dispense with the necessity of cheapening university education; for there is no sense in surrounding education with a high tariff and here and there providing means to climb over it. Granted that old and often inconvenient buildings increase the expense of maintenance, can anyone who knows (say) Oxford affirm with conviction that the reduction in the cost of college life is, as I submit that it should be, a principal object of those who administer colleges? If it were true that the cost of living had already been cut down to the bare bone, then there would be a good case for the State, which cannot afford that any able boy should go without higher education, to make possible its further reduction by a grant of public money. But few, I fancy, would contend that, given the necessary reorganization, there was no further possibility of reduction.

I do not imply that college authorities are incompetent, but they inherit a system which they did not create. They are busy men, and naturally work within the limitations which it imposes, without feeling obliged, even if they have the time or the business experience, to reconsider the whole plan and scale of college finance and organization. It is quite true that, even as it is, a certain number of ex-elementary schoolboys get to Oxford and Cambridge, and that some of the difficulties which prevent the number being larger are to be found not in the Universities, but in the backwardness of public secondary education, especially in the critical years between 16 and 18. That fact, as far as it goes, is a valid plea of extenuation in favor of the older Universities, but it does not go as far as is sometimes supposed. If the weakness of the secondary schools

limits the supply of entrants to the Universities, the financial difficulty of entering college limits the supply coming forward from the secondary schools. The suggestion that boys of small means should enter other Universities is not one which needs serious consideration. A division of labour between educational institutions is, of course, advisable; but quite the worst form which it could assume would be that some should be reserved for the relatively poor and others for the relatively well-to-do.

The truth is, that the time has come to reconsider the whole question of University education in England, and first, and in particular, the government, constitution, finance and endowment of the two older Universities. Whatever happens, one is inclined to think that the world after the war will be a world of second-best. For one generation the spring is out of the year. If we are to make the best of the next, if we are to achieve anything like spiritual unity, we must democratize higher education. We must seek salvation where it can be found, in the cultivation of character and intelligence. That is a task which must be approached by many different paths, but one of the most important lies through the democratization of the Universities. It is with the two older Universities, I suggest, that we ought to begin. Their government should be remodelled to make it easier for them to be influenced by outside educational opinion. The financial administration of the colleges should be examined with a view to ascertaining whether by rigorous economy and by the extension of common action between them, the cost of living cannot be substantially reduced to the level at least of some of the women's colleges. Public funds, if necessary, should be used to ensure that no boy who reaches the requisite intellectual standard shall be debarred from entering them by lack of means. What is required, in short, is another Royal Commission, like those which gave a new orientation to the Universities in the middle of the nineteenth century. If such reforms were carried out, it would probably be found twenty years hence that they had not only rejuvenated the older Universities, but that they had also removed a good many of the blemishes which your correspondents have deplored in the Public Schools.—Yours, &c., T.

Letters from Abroad.

AMONG THE BOLSHEVIKS.

I.—A DAY OF REVOLUTIONARY JUSTICE.

I AWOKE to find judges and lawyers had been abolished. Over-night legal learning and the ancient precedents had been cast on to the scrap-heap. It was refreshing to start with a clean slate. Russia was no longer bound by traditions. Still humanity had not reformed overnight. There were people who would grab and lie and betray their fellows. What was to be done with them? In the early days of the Revolutions there had been a great jail delivery. Many thieves and murderers, as well as political offenders, were released. Every now and then a man was caught preying upon society. The Bolshevik mob had scant mercy for such a one. They had given him freedom and this was his gratitude. The culprit should pay the price. A member of the American Military Control in Petrograd told me of the following incident as one he had witnessed: A woman dashed into the street after a boy of fifteen, "He's stolen my pocket-book! He's stolen my pocket-book!" she cried. A miserable, frightened, shrieking urchin sped madly down the road in front of her. He was caught by passers-by and a crowd gathered. Blow upon blow fell upon the defenceless head. Childish shrieks of terror filled the air. The woman, appalled at what she had done, rushed back to the house. Again she made a desperate search, and suddenly in a dark corner she unearthed the missing pocket-book. Again she dashed into the street waving her property and calling loudly her mistake. But it was too late. The childish cries were still; a beaten and lifeless body had just been hurled into the canal. Sick shame seized the mob. Then the woman came telling them her story. Rage surged in their hearts. Under the Czar they had been mercilessly beaten and abused. Brute force had been their instructor. They turned on the woman and applied the only methods they knew. They beat the woman to death and dropped her into the canal!

Such deeds were said to be common. Personally, I never saw them. Dire deeds were said to go on behind the grim walls of the Fortress of Peter and Paul. Here Ministers and Generals languished in the cells formerly occupied by ardent revolutionists. Each day a whole killing was predicted. I did not believe this probable. Already the Bolshevik Government was trying to suppress mob violence. A Revolutionary Tribunal had been created. People's courts, with working men as judges, were administering a crude justice.

With a good deal of difficulty I secured permission to visit the Fortress. My permit read for seven in the evening. Russia never lives by the clock. It is at odd unexpected hours things are done. I took with me a young woman as interpreter. It had been dark for many hours when we reached the grim Fortress. It is surrounded by a massive stone wall and stands on the bank of the Neva opposite the Winter Palace. A road deep in snow led to the huge gateway. At the entrance soldiers were gathered about a camp fire. There are camp fires all over Petrograd. Wherever soldiers stand on guard duty they build a fire to keep warm. At night the burning logs make the city picturesque. In the firelight the great iron studded wooden gate

of Peter and Paul looked like the entrance to a medieval castle. About the door, rough looking soldiers in long coats that come to the ankles and shaggy fur hats leaned on their bayonets. When I had entered and the massive gate had clanged to, I felt indeed cut off from the world. On one side of the yard stretched the long line of prison buildings. On the other rose the prison church with its towering spire. Through the darkness we made our way to the Commandant's office. He was not in, but big, untidy-looking soldiers examined my pass. I must wait, they said. They eyed me curiously and spoke to my interpreter. After a little they grew friendly and invited me to have a glass of tea. They took me into the kitchen—a long, low-ceilinged room with a great stove at one end. There were ten or a dozen soldiers. They smoked and talked incessantly, dropping cigarette butts wherever they stood. They were dirty, ragged, and unshaven. We sat down at a long wooden table with a steaming samovar between us. As I grew in favor, sugar, butter, and some eatable black bread were produced. This was indeed a treat.

It was hard to realize where I was. I felt I had fallen asleep and waked up in the middle of the French Revolution. It was so like those days; the dingy kitchen, the grim fortress, the rough soldiers, and my companion and myself in their midst. I was thankful I was not a duchess or a capitalist; that my clothes were shabby, and that several buttons were off my coat.

The soldiers were curious about me. I was an American and they wanted to know about America.

"Why has America gone to war?"

"Had Wilson sold out to the capitalists?"

"Will there be a revolution in America?"

These were the questions poured upon me. Some of the men couldn't read or write, yet their knowledge was extraordinary. It was evident they had little faith in American democracy. The belief that America has sold out is widespread. This is the work of German propaganda. I tried to answer the questions. I tried to make them see America with my eyes. I explained that half the country is bourgeois, that there is no working class which corresponds to the Russian workman; that even the unskilled American worker has something to lose, that in consequence there cannot be a revolution in America, such as had occurred in Russia. They were keenly interested. The majority saw my point. They realized that changes in America would probably come by evolution rather than by revolution. I told them that President Wilson led rather than lagged behind the public opinion of the majority. That he was more liberal and democratic than any President, except Lincoln, we had had. But one man, an illiterate, was not to be convinced. There was only one remedy for inequalities. The working class must rise, whether they were in a minority or a majority. The capitalists must be beheaded. He himself would like to behead them one by one. In the flickering light I seemed to see him pulling out his knife and feeling it. But the other men were against such methods. They suppressed this firebrand. The intelligence of these soldiers was marvellous. Many had never been to school, yet they knew about conditions in both America and Europe. Their conversation was not confined to wages and food, but dealt with world politics.

Probably in no other civilized land are there so many illiterates. But if Russians cannot read or write they can think and talk.

By this time the Commandant had arrived and I was led forth on my tour of inspection. The massiveness of the old fortress was impressive. The walls were several feet thick. No sound could penetrate them. The corridors were like vaults. Here one was buried alive. My request to interview the prisoners was instantly granted. I was ushered into a cell and the Bolshevik soldiers withdrew. It was a room in size about 12 feet by 14 feet with a high ceiling. There was one little window far up in the wall. It was impossible to see from it, and in the daytime gave very little light. There was a stone floor and the walls had been whitewashed. It looked clean but cold. There was the damp, chilly atmosphere of prison. But the one electric light shone brightly. It stood on a table by the iron bedstead. The only other furniture was a chair. The occupant of this cell was the former Minister of Finance. He was a man about fifty, with grey hair and beard. He courteously offered me the chair and sat on the bed. Again I had the sensation of a topsy-turvy world. Working men with fixed bayonets stood at the door, while a learned Minister of Finance meekly sat on his prison bed and talked to me. He was studying an English grammar, for he could not speak English. We talked together in French. He accepted his lot philosophically. He did not complain of conditions. He and the others, he said, were treated as political offenders. They could have food from the outside and letters and visits from their families and might read and write as much as they liked. "But it is the psychology of the place that is terrible," he said. He arose and paced the floor. "We can't tell what will happen. Each moment may be the last. Personally, I'm not afraid. I don't think they'll hurt me. But the others are afraid. Every hour they fear a massacre. I do not dare tell my wife this. I tell her we are all right. But it is a frightful strain."

It was indeed a strain. Already I was feeling it. The air was charged with intense emotion. The Bolshevik soldiers did not trust the Minister of Finance, and he did not trust them. Some day the firebrand in the kitchen might be on guard. What would he do then?

I visited other cells. I talked with a Social Democrat, a man who has fought for Russian freedom and is a well-known economist. He bitterly denounced the Bolsheviks.

"Go back to America and tell them what is happening

here. Tell American Socialists that the Bolsheviks are imprisoning their fellow Socialists. Nine times I have been imprisoned under the old régime and since the Revolution I have been imprisoned ten times. There is little to choose. Both Czar and Bolsheviks are dictators. There is no democracy. After this outburst he began to pace the floor restlessly. His eyes had a haunted look. His words were those of the Minister of Finance.

"It's the uncertainty that is so terrible; personally I'm not afraid. They don't dare hurt me. But the others—they are afraid. They are going to pieces. Every day they expect to be lined up and shot. It is unbearable."

In each cell it was the same. There was the queer restlessness, then the fatal sentence.

"It is not for myself I fear, it's the others. They are afraid."

Horror seized me. The prisoners' suspicions affected the keepers. Slowly each side was being dragged into the abyss. Yet outwardly there was no sign of the inner storm. Peter and Paul was run on the most approved prison methods. There had been no violence. The Commandant said there should be none except over his dead body.

In addition to the single cells there were two large dormitories. In these were imprisoned army officers. I was shown these rooms. The men were smoking and playing cards. Here the tension was less. Companionship had eased the strain. In one room a Russian General arose and addressed me. He spoke in French.

"Well, madame," he said, "what do you think of Russia? What do you think of a country that imprisons its officers? I don't suppose America does these things." The men crowded around to hear my answer.

"No," I said smiling. "Still America does imprison people. It imprisons men who refuse to fight."

At this there was a delighted laugh and the General continued. "Here it's the other way. We are imprisoned for fighting. There should be an exchange of prisoners."

Even the Bolsheviks saw the joke and joined in the laugh. Certainly it was a topsy-turvy world.

As we turned to go my interpreter spoke to a guard. He had been rude, had pushed the Generals aside and slammed the door.

"I hope," she said, "you are good to the prisoners. Remember your own prison days and what it was like."

The man hung his head. He was like an overgrown child. "I do forget," he said, "and I grow ugly."

In that little incident lay the whole story. Power breeds tyrants. No man should have arbitrary control of his fellows. I left the grim fortress with a heavy heart. As long as there was belief in retaliation and punishment, life would be ugly.

MADELEINE DOTY.

Letters to the Editor.

TURNING THEIR CAPTIVITY.

THE following donations have been received by the British Prisoners of War Book Scheme (Educational) in response to the recent appeal in THE NATION:—

	£	s.	d.
Anderson, Miss W. M., Glasgow	1	0	0
Benson, Esq., Edmond, Hexham-on-Tyne	2	0	0
Budden, Miss Mary, Watford		10	0
Barclay, Esq., George, Glasgow	2	0	0
Ballantyne, Sir Henry, Peebles	5	0	0
Bowles, Esq., T. Gibson	5	0	0
Carter, Mrs., Scarborough	5	0	0
Eyles, Dr., Richmond, Yorks	5	0	0
Irith, Miss Florence, Farnham	1	0	0
Hamilton, Esq., Fred. H., Reigate	5	0	0
Logan, Esq., John W., Market Harborough	5	0	0
Martin, Esq., James, Dalry	1	1	0
Ralfe, Esq., P. G., Castletown, Isle of Man	10	0	0
Rackham, Esq., H., The Temple	2	2	0
Rutherford, Esq., C. L., Bradford	5	0	0
Seligman, Esq., Isaac, City	5	0	0
Tait, Mrs., St. Andrews House Club, W. I.	5	0	0
Whiting, Rev. W. H., Newcastle	1	1	0
	£56	4	0

Remittances should be made payable to the Chairman and Hon. Director, Sir Alfred T. Davies, K.B.E., C.B., and forwarded to him at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, S.W. 7, or c/o THE EDITOR OF THE NATION.

THE AMERICAN PRESS AND LYNCHING.

SIR.—In your leading article in THE NATION of July 6th, "An Appeal to America," you make the following statement: "In some towns 'hyphens' have been lynched by 'loyal' mobs, irrespective of any proved pro-Germanism, and the Press has almost with one consent applauded or condoned these outrages."

Now, Sir, THE NATION, as I know, has a conscience, and statements of this nature are never made other than deliberately in your leading articles. This particular statement, I may presume, was based upon information received from what you

considered a reliable source; you would take pains not to libel the Press of a nation to which you were addressing a serious appeal. Might I, then, ask you to state from what source you obtained this information? For several months I have been receiving and reading seventy daily papers published in the Middle West, and of *not one of them* could it be justly said that it condoned, much less applauded, the outrages to which you refer—three in all, by the way.—Yours, &c.,

K. WALTER.

12, Chepstow Villas, Notting Hill Gate, W.11.

July 7th, 1918.

[Our charge of condonation by the majority of the Press was not intended to be confined to the lynching of "hyphens," but to extend to the various outrages, cases of which we cited. The case of the Rev. Herbert Bigelow may be taken as crucial. A well-known citizen of Ohio (President of the Ohio Constitutional Convention in 1912), pacifist both before the war and after, Mr. Bigelow was seized by a band of masked men, when about to address a meeting in Kentucky, and was brutally beaten with a horsewhip. According to the "New Republic," the only New York paper which condemned this action in round terms was the "Evening Post." The "Herald" wrote: "To be in strict accord with the proprieties it is necessary, of course, to deplore resort to lynch-law methods by that body of Cincinnati patriots in its dealings with Mr. Herbert Bigelow."—"As to Mr. Herbert Bigelow, the counts against him suggest that he was lucky in getting off with a good hiding." The "Evening Sun" described him as "less sinned against than sinning." The "Globe" wrote: "Those who are protesting against the Bigelow outrage are unfortunate in the framing of their message of rebuke. They acclaim Bigelow as a martyr, but they conspicuously fail to express any indignation in regard to his own black guilt" (i.e., his alleged indifference to German wrongs against Belgium). The "Boston Transcript," though speaking of the conduct of the lynchers as "highly reprehensible," added that "under the circumstances it is impossible not to note that he got off unexpectedly well with only forty whets on his bare back." The "St. Louis Globe Democrat" wrote: "It would be interesting to know whether Herbert S. Bigelow practised his doctrine of non-resistance while in the hands of a mob, or whether he bit and scratched and kicked like anybody else." "An Ohio Socialist-Pacifist sputterer," said the "Detroit Free Press," "has been horsewhipped. So far as we have heard, the victim is the only one complaining."

This last statement was untrue. Mr. Baker, Secretary for War, branded the deed as "brutal and cowardly . . . a humiliating contrast to our national ideals and aims." But a majority of the New York papers did not publish this rebuke. The bulk of the Press of the country gave the consent of silence to this incident.

Of the most recent case of the torture and murder of a German named Robert Prager at Collinsville, Illinois, by a mob of lynchers, the "New York Evening Post" says: "There was no doubt of the facts, but the jury refused to convict. The presiding judge interpreted the law in a way to leave the defendants without excuse. But 'the verdict of the vicinage' was that to put to death a German was no crime." The "Chicago Tribune's" comment is: "Severe restraint of sedition is the only protection which the seditionists themselves can be given. The responsibility which secure and protected propagandists of anti-Americanism must bear for the inflammation of weak and unbalanced persons to attacks upon them is too apparent to need comment." The "New York Tribune" says it is as clear as day that "if the Government does not intern alien enemies, many of them will, sooner or later, fall victims to mob violence."

Some of the more reputable papers have condemned this Prager-killing, made more infamous by the proofs that Prager was a loyal pro-war citizen. But what can be said of a Press which in one of its leading Middle-West organs, the "Kansas City Star," gives to the imprisonment of Mrs. Stokes the heading "A wholesome lesson," and writes: "There is no place in the United States now for Socialism or any other 'ism' except Americanism. Anything else is treason, under whatever garment it may be clothed"?—Ed., THE NATION.]

SIR.—There are so many statements based upon misunderstandings in "An Appeal to America," and these are of such a vital character as to have serious possibilities at this time, that I venture to ask permission to register a protest.

It sounds ridiculous to an American to read that a censorship has been established "which has virtually stifled all expressions of opinion adverse to the Government." American papers are filled with such criticism, and, in spite of some exceptions such as must accompany any sort of censorship (the worst of which is undoubtedly the prosecution of Mrs. Stokes, to which you refer, and whose sentence is still far from execution), there have been remarkably few punishments.

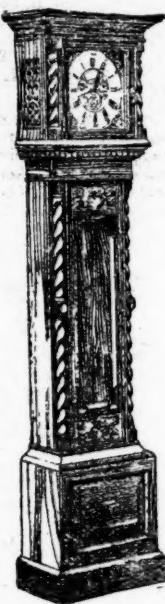
You use the plural concerning "mobs" lynching "hyphens," and give the impression that these have been numerous. Yet but one has occurred, against which, as an aggravation, may be set a vast number of outrages involving the loss of many lives and the destruction of millions of pounds' worth of property by pro-German agents and their sympathizers.

I particularly protest against the statement that "Labor's hands are bound tighter in America than ever." In proof of this, an instance of a technical decision in a pre-war case is given, having no conceivable relation to war conditions. Moreover, the effect of this decision had already been completely nullified by the policy adopted by the Administration through

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its "Labor War Board," which has brought about the greatest extension of the power and scope of organised labor ever known in America.

Although there is still undoubtedly too much profiteering, greater steps to check it through heavy special taxation, regulation of prices, and other methods have been taken than in any other nation, and further steps in these directions are being taken almost daily. Moreover, the profiteering since the war has been almost insignificant in comparison with that in the two years preceding America's entrance.

On all these points I would be glad to place detailed evidence in support of the statements made if your readers care to know them.—Yours, &c.,

A. M. SIMONS,
Member American Socialist Mission.
Arundel Hotel, Victoria Embankment, London.

MR. McCURDY ON THE SECRET AGREEMENTS.

SIR.—The growing uneasiness of the public with regard to the Secret Agreements has inspired Mr. McCurdy, M.P., to endeavor to lay it to rest, and he has published a pamphlet, "The Truth about the 'Secret Treaties'" (W. H. Smith & Son)—a strange medley of inaccuracies, inconsistencies, vague suggestions, and significant omissions.

The impression that he seeks to leave on the reader's mind is twofold, and I think it would not be unfair to summarise it as follows:—(a) The Agreements do not matter very much—they are mere suggestions, if indeed they are authentic at all; (b) They embody noble objects for which we ought to fight, and our honor is involved in prolonging the war for them.

One or other of these things might be true, but they cannot both be true. We are reminded of the story of the gentleman who was sued for damage to a valuable kettle; his defence was (a) "I never received the kettle." (b) "It was broken when I received it." (c) "It was not broken when I received it, and I returned it in the same condition."

As to the view, much emphasised in the pamphlet, that these Agreements are largely "records of conversations, of proposals and suggestions," it may be pointed out that two of them are treaties in the technical sense; another is a summary of what is officially admitted to be a treaty; while the rest are agreements created by a proposal made from one side and an acceptance of that proposal from the other side. The title of my own pamphlet, "The Secret Agreements" (National Labor Press, 3d.), covers both.

The statesmen concerned do not dispute the binding character of these documents. Lord Robert Cecil said, according to the *Manchester Guardian* of February 14th, 1918, "These treaties were entered into for obvious reasons . . . He knew how much those treaties lent themselves to misrepresentation, and they were not popular, but a Government which for that reason would not do what they thought right was unfit to hold office." And again (*Times*, February 15th):—"The treaty entered into by this country on August 15th, 1916, whereby the entry of Roumania into the war was secured, was still operative." (He has since announced that it has now ceased to be operative). Mr. Lloyd George (January 5th, 1918) spoke of "the arrangements we have entered into with our Allies on this [Mesopotamia, Syria and Palestine] and other subjects."

To take the particular case upon which Mr. McCurdy insists—the secret agreement of February 14th, 1917, between France and Russia for the annexation not only of Alsace-Lorraine, but of "the entire iron district of Lorraine, and the entire coal district of the Saar Valley," and the separation from Germany of all the territories on the left bank of the Rhine—Mr. McCurdy actually quotes a document written a year before (March, 1916) as proving that no Agreement was made! In point of fact, the Agreement was effected as follows:—"The Russian Foreign Minister asked the French representative, M. Doumergue, to let him have the draft of an Agreement, "which would then be given a formal sanction by an exchange of Notes between the French Ambassador and myself." This actually took place two days later (February 14th, 1917) at Petrograd. The terms were precisely stated in his Note by the French Ambassador, who added that "the Government of the Republic would be happy to be able to rely upon the support of the Imperial Government for the carrying out of its plans." The Russian Foreign Minister in his Note of the same day says:—"By order of his Imperial Majesty, my most august master, I have the honor, in the name of the Russian Government, to inform your Excellency by the present Note that the Government of the Republic may rely upon the support of the Imperial Government for the carrying out of its plans, as set out above."

Mr. McCurdy's second point is thus stated:—"The reader will judge for himself whether there is any shade of excuse for the suggestion which has been made by pacifist critics that because these discussions were secret they were therefore shameful, or for pretending that they disclose unworthy or improper aims, or constitute an obstacle to a just and honorable peace." Readers of THE NATION are too familiar with the facts to need reminding of them. Mr. McCurdy defends the treaty by which Italy is to have Croat, Slovene, Serb, Albanian, Greek, Turkish, and (in certain conditions) Abyssinian territory as "based on two simple principles"—that Italians are to be set free and that the boundaries of the "lands redeemed" shall be such as to make their defence possible.

He justifies the Agreement for the partition of Turkey by a recital of the wrongs of the Armenians, forgetting that the

Agreement divided the Armenian provinces between Russia and France, and was vehemently protested against by the friends of Armenia in this country. This last point is one which Mr. McCurdy might do well to study. The friends of Armenia, the friends of the Jews, the friends of Albania, the friends of the South Slavs, have each in their turn attacked the Secret Agreements on the specific ground that they violated the rights of small nations. I may sum the matter up in the words recently used by the Bishop of Oxford in a University sermon (see *Cambridge Magazine*, May 16th):—"Many of us have read the terms of the Secret Treaties among the Allies recently published by the Bolsheviks in Russia with a deep feeling of humiliation. Apparently Italy and Roumania were bribed to come into the war on the side of the Allies by promises of territory to be annexed to them which cannot with any show of reason be claimed as legitimately theirs . . . We realise with humiliation that we are led to assent to the proposed annexations which quite traverse the principles for which we not only profess to be fighting, but which truly did bring us reluctantly into the awful struggle."

Two things may perhaps be said in extenuation. One is, that Mr. McCurdy has the honesty to publish the text of the Agreements, thus providing his own corrective—for those who will take the trouble to read the small type. The other is, that one is tempted to suspect that his grosser misstatements are unconscious ones. It is not surprising that a writer who does not know that the Croats are Slavs (he speaks of "Croats, Slavs, and Italians,") should soon get out of his depth when he sets out to instruct the public on Near Eastern affairs.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES RODEN BUXTON.

6, Erskine Hill, Golder's Green, N.W.

CHRISTIANITY AND WAR.

SIR.—There must, I think, be many other readers of THE NATION besides myself who have been deeply concerned by the sentences passed last week by Ald. Sir Alfred Newton upon those three champions of the freedom of speech, Edith Maud Ellis, Arthur Watts, and Harrison Barrow. They were convicted of issuing to the public a leaflet called "A Challenge to Militarism" without first submitting it to the Press Bureau as required by Reg. 27, c. of the Defence of the Realm Regulations. The persons originally proceeded against were two girls who distributed the leaflet. Mr. Barrow, Mr. Watts and Miss Ellis only became co-defendants in consequence of evidence for the defence given by them at the proceedings against the two girls before Mr. Cecil Chapman, and the remarks made by that learned Magistrate. All three were officials of the Friends' Service Committee, by whom the leaflet was approved before being published. They did not deny that, in accordance with the declared policy of the Society of Friends, the Committee had declined to submit their publications to the Censor. What they did complain of was that, within a week or so of their being sent to prison for issuing "A Challenge to Militarism" Lord Grey had, without asking the Censor's leave, issued a pamphlet of which the concluding words are:—

"The United States and the Allies cannot save the world from militarism unless Germany learns the lesson thoroughly and completely; and they will not save the world, or even themselves, by complete victory over Germany until they, too, have learnt and can apply the lesson that militarism has become the deadly enemy of mankind."

No proceedings have been taken by the Government against the noble writer of those very challenging words, which are being sold for threepence on every bookstall. But the three officials of the Quaker Committee have been sent to prison, the men for six months each, and the woman for three months.

It is because I think that this prosecution by Mr. Lloyd George's Government will stand out as a landmark in the history of the fight for liberty in this country that I venture to ask THE NATION to print the defence made by Edith Ellis, who is the daughter of the late John Edward Ellis, M.P., than whom, for upwards of twenty years, there was no more respected member of the House of Commons. What she said expresses in brief what was said at more length by Mr. Barrow and Mr. Watts. These are her words:—

"The leaflet which is the subject of this prosecution is a question which touches one of the deepest principles of the Society of Friends, the incompatibility of the spirit of Christ's teaching with all warfare, for whatever cause. Our testimony on this question has been known since the earliest days of the Society, and Friends have suffered imprisonment for it. It has been officially reaffirmed during the Napoleonic Wars, and several times during this war. We believe that it is the purpose of God to bring righteousness through redemptive love, and that in everyone there is some element of the Divine which is capable of response to His appeal. To us it seems that the methods now being used are antagonistic to His purpose. We therefore believe that we are called upon to trust in the power of God alone and not in that of our Armies and Navies. As a woman, I do not desire any lesser protection, and those of us who realize this are grateful to the young men who have remained true to the same ideal. Our Committee has been specially entrusted by the Society with the duty of making known the facts covering conscientious objectors now in prison. We believe that to be our religious duty and have endeavored to be faithful to our charge. We cannot, therefore, submit the question of publication to any Government official or accept his decision. We believe that we can best serve our country by being loyal to our own religious convictions, as others, we must believe, are to theirs. Disloyalty to that which to us is the voice of God can never, we are convinced, make for national or international righteousness."

Many people may disagree with Edith Ellis's view; but as the daughter of her parents with their long Quaker traditions, and being the fearless girl she is, she could hold none other. She

The advertisements of Pope & Bradley are occasionally civilised.

MRS. HANUMAN'S INDISCRETION. A Fable.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

(The present ridiculous state of the law of libel must serve as an apology for the introduction of Biblical nomenclature.)



"Were We to Blame?"

One of the saddest features of the war is the horrified remorse and shame of the intellectuals amongst the monkeys.

In thoughtful simian circles it is recognised that something went gravely wrong somewhere in the process of evolution, and all sorts of reasons have been adduced, the most widely accepted being the notorious flightiness—and worse—of the First Monkey's spouse.

Thus even again we have the sad spectacle of the indiscretions of the mothers being visited on the billionth generation.

Eugenics is—or are—a wonderful study.

Hanuman, he had his hands full. I always pitied him—almost as much as I pitied the Tertium Quid. She led them both a pretty dance!"

Mrs. Jochebed turned savagely on her spouse.

"That's right," she snapped acidly, "blame the female, of course!"

Huppah scratched his head, and then raised his voice imperiously. "In any case," he commanded, "should it be necessary to start all over again, see to it that the laws of simian eugenics are properly respected. Make it your sole aim to avoid the evolution of a degenerate race liable to fits of Armageddon."

And Jochebed, his wife, became right thoughtful.

* * * * *

Leaving the subject of Mrs. Hanuman's infidelity and its tragic consequences, if we fight to the last yarn of wool Pope & Bradley will of necessity be compelled to supply hair-producers. Meanwhile the wool shortage will grow less acute with the man shortage. Getting on with the war, the following prices are unghoulish. Lounge Suits from £7 7s.; Dinner Suits from £10 10s.; Service Jackets from £5 15s. 6d.; Riding Breeches from £4 4s.

14, OLD BOND STREET, W.

knew that her father, side by side with David Lloyd George, had taken twenty years ago a far stronger line against the Boer War. But they were not sent to prison by the then Government, which was wise in its generation. Is the present Prime Minister likely to win this war by sending to prison an English girl because she presumes to challenge militarism without asking the leave of his Censor? Is he not rather in danger of destroying that long fought-for right of the English race to write and speak what they choose, or to be charged and tried by a jury of their fellow countrymen if their writing or speaking is alleged to be contrary to law? The only trial these three Friends have had is a trial by one worthy Alderman with an appeal to another worthy Alderman; not very satisfactory, when such a grave issue is at stake, even though the Aldermen had legal advisers.—Yours, &c.,

Ex-M.P.

THE FUNDS OF THE BRITISH WORKERS' LEAGUE.

SIR,—In this week's issue you are good enough to devote some little attention to the British Workers' League, and in the course of the article to which I refer, you ask certain questions and make certain assertions with regard to this organization. Perhaps you will permit me briefly to comment thereon.

You ask, "What is our financial basis?" To that question I beg to state that every farthing of money we have is received absolutely without any conditions whatever, on our published programme, and every receipt issued to subscribers is issued with that proviso.

Our funds are under the control of two trustees, quite unconnected with party politics, men of irreproachable standing, one of whom has served his country gloriously in the war, has been grievously wounded, and has been decorated by the King. This gentleman has long family associations with Liberalism. Our other trustee is an agricultural expert of national repute. These facts were published in our official organ, the "British Citizen" on March 16th.

From the beginning of our propaganda up to the present moment, we have not obtained a farthing from any political party, or other organization. May I, in my turn, inquire respectfully, why you should make these innuendoes alone against the British Workers' League? The writer of the article in question might perhaps, with some use, pursue his inquiries in other directions. For instance, he might get into touch with Mr. George Lansbury and inquire of that eminent rebel and Syndicalist, how he manages to continue the publication of the "Herald" and to support the propaganda of the "Herald" League from the pennies and halfpence of his wild supporters. The "Herald" is reputed to have a very large circulation, but practically has no revenue from advertisements; unlike almost any other paper in the kingdom, it continues to appear week-by-week at the pre-war price of 1d., with paper five times the price before the war, and printing charges increased three or four hundred per cent. How is it done?

Perhaps your tearful contributor will follow up my suggestion and pursue his inquiries in this direction. Our chief sin seems to be that we are prepared to learn the lessons of the war and decline to bend the knee to the blessed gospel of Cobdenism, *sans phrase*, for which heinous offence we are apparently a "counter-revolutionary body." If to seek to substitute a system of national and imperial economy for the pre-war system of cosmopolitan economy is to be reactionary, then indeed I must plead guilty. If to desire a reconciliation between the administrators of industrial capital and the manual workers on the basis of a guarantee of high wages, is, in the view of the Old Liberals, contrary to the spirit of Liberalism, then indeed we have departed far from the blessed teachings of the leaders of Victorian economics, whose names the writer of the article quotes with such unction.

I make no complaint whatever, that you stand pre-eminently for Individualism, Cobdenism, Free Trade, and Pacifism, as against our faith in the new Empire Democracy, based on national economics; but I hope I am not asking too much of you as an honorable opponent, with lofty ethical ideals of internationalism, to fight "clean," and to refrain from publishing totally baseless innuendoes against men and women, every bit as good democrats as yourself, but who visualize the coming democracy in very different terms from those expressed by the bourgeois Gradgrinds of Victorian capitalism.—Yours, &c.,

VICTOR FISHER, Hon. Sec.

[Mr. Fisher has not answered the question whether the funds of a body describing itself as a "Workers' League" are in any degree derived from sources which could be described as the bourgeois Gradgrinds of Georgian capitalism.—ED., THE NATION.]

RUSSIAN AND BRITISH DEMOCRACY.

SIR,—May we bring to your notice that a number of Russians living in London have formed a Union, "Russian Commonwealth" ("Narodopravstvo"), with the object of uniting Russians who—

1. Repudiate the so-called Bolshevik rule as tending to disintegrate the Russian state and as endangering the independence of the people of Russia.

2. Advocate the summoning of a democratically elected Constituent Assembly as the only expression of the free will of the whole people.

3. Consider the republican order to be the surest guarantee of the peaceful and free development of Russia, and

4. Believe that only in close union with the Allies can Russia regenerate her strength and avert the menace of German domination aggravated by the whole foreign policy and orientation of the present rulers of Russia, of which the Brest Litovsk peace is the most disastrous expression.

One of the chief aims of the Union is to promote the closest possible *rapprochement* between the British and Russian democracies.—Yours, &c.,

PROF. S. P. TURIN (Chairman).
J. V. SHKLOVSKY-DIONEO (Vice-Chairman).
PROF. S. I. GAVRILOFF.
A. M. KROUGLIAKOFF.
D. V. FILITZ.
E. I. ZOONDELEVITCH (Hon. Treasurer).
A. R. BAGATURIANZ (Hon. Secretary).

Sardinia House, Kingsway, W.C. 2.

PROPAGANDA IN PICTURES.

SIR,—It occurred to me that among those whose sentiment your paper represents, some protest might be made against one of the latest small incitements to misery and madness flung to the hopeless public.

The Ladies' Emergency Committee of the Navy League has exhibited, broadcast in some parts of London, a paper appealing for funds to help British prisoners, and showing a German woman in nurse's uniform pouring water upon the ground, before the eyes of helpless wounded men. The grace and gesture of the woman depicted suggest truly enough the mental condition in which such a deed must be done. It is the grace of a moral maniac—a creature in whom the propaganda of hate, together perhaps with personal loss and suffering, has unseated reason and conscience, and let loose forces of inhuman malice such as sleep perhaps in all of us. The purpose of the committee, whose merciful work everyone must value, is no doubt to excite compassion for prisoners suffering among callous foes, but it is grievous that in stimulating compassion their poster should at the same time tend so strongly to arouse in the spectator the same passion of vindictive ferocity whose existence among the enemy has cruelly affected our own men.

There has been kindness as well as inhumanity shown by the enemy to our prisoners, and ferocious treatment of innocent aliens among ourselves has not been unknown; but the unreflectiveness of the average man leads him readily, on representation of some atrocity, to take it as typical of a whole nation, and to make his enemy alone the representative of those evil forces that universally beset the struggling spirit of man. He who gazes absorbed upon evil thus projected is transformed into its likeness, malice and hatred rising unreproved within his own breast. It is for this reason that such pictures, influencing even children whom one would wish to shield from the worst contagion of war, are so greatly to be regretted.—Yours, &c.,

M. BODKIN.

50, Southwood Lane, Highgate.

THE LATE REV. DR. JOHN HUNTER.

SIR,—It is intended to produce a short biography of the late Rev. Dr. John Hunter. I should be grateful if any who possess letters from him or other relevant material would allow me to see them. They would be carefully handled and returned.

I should also be glad if any who knew him in his early days in Aberdeen or at college, or were acquainted with his work in York and Hull would write to me.—Yours, &c.,

L. S. HUNTER.

8, Prince Arthur Road, Hampstead, London, N.W. 3.

THE LEWIS SEYMOUR CASE.

SIR,—I beg to acknowledge your memorandum and cheque for £159 5s., which THE NATION has collected to defray part of the expenses in the trial, Moore and Heinemann v. Lewis Seymour. On Mr. Moore's behalf and my own, I offer you our grateful thanks.—Yours, &c.,

W. HEINEMANN.

20-21, Bedford Street, London, W.C. July 3rd, 1918.

Poetry.

I STOOD WITH THE DEAD.

I stood with the Dead, so forsaken and still:

When dawn was grey I stood with the Dead.

And my slow heart said, " You must kill; you must kill: Soldier, soldier, morning is red."

On the shapes of the slain in their crumpled disgrace

I stared for a while through the thin cold rain. . . .

" O, lad that I loved, there is rain on your face,

And your eyes are blurred and sick like the plain."

I stood with the Dead. . . . They were dead; they were dead.

My heart and my head beat a march of dismay; And gusts of the wind came dulled by the guns—

" Fall in!" I shouted; " Fall in for your pay!"

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The World of Books

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Life and Letters of Sir Joseph Hooker." By Leonard Huxley. 2 vols. (John Murray. 38s. net.)
- "The End of the War." By Walter E. Weyl. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)
- "On the Edge of the War Zone." By Mildred Aldrich. (Constable. 5s. net.)
- "George Meredith: A Study of his Works and Personality." By J. H. E. Crees. (B. H. Blackwell. 6s. net.)
- "Karen." A Novel. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. (Collins. 6s. net.)

* * *

I HAPPENED quite by chance to read on the same day a sermon of Donne's and a profound criticism of the meaning of art in the "Times Literary Supplement." Of course, with journalists, analogies and "significations" are the devil, with the reservation that they are more liable to see a "fearful fiend," say, in Lord Lansdowne, than eternity in a grain of sand. But I confess I did think to see an application of the "Times'" writer's contention to the sermons of that extraordinary man, the Jacobean Dean of St. Paul's. The writer's theme was that the imitation of Nature (as, for instance, in the late Japanese prints) is the death of art. "There is one glory of the sun," and to ape the gloss of the butterfly's wing is to mix your materials, or, rather, to imitate in one medium the form of another. But the perfection of Nature is sufficient unto itself, and to compete with its sovereign achievement is really to abandon the particular vocation of the artist. That is to aim at an infinite excellence which he is aware is independent of himself and impossible ever to capture. So that all great works of art are really failures, and display a lack of technical finish and smoothness responsive to the perception, but inadequate to the absorption of this supreme beauty. Wonder, effort, a wisdom superior to knowledge, boundless aspiration, and a kind of humility and confession of failure, are therefore the distinction of great art. The gesture of adoration has been made; the wise men have brought their offerings to the babe.

* * *

Now Donne's Sermons (there are about 150 of them, and they were collected in three volumes, folio, the first volume of which was published posthumously in 1640) potently affirm this heresy of criticism. Much of the thought is actually medieval rather than Renaissance, and Donne is at his least literary and most theological when he is interpreting and subtilizing, with all the relish of the schoolmen, the dogmas of the fathers. Nevertheless, these sermons belong to literature, not theology; I had almost said, not religion. For Donne, though he might be a bit shy of acknowledging it, plots in the cellars of the conventional Anglican mansion the most subversive adventures of speculation. He believed in pre-existence (which, I believe, is heterodox); in miracles, "the standing still of the sun for Joshua's use, was not in itself so wonderful a thing, as that so vast and immense a body as the sun should run so many miles in a minute;" and his idea of hell, as I shall show by quotation, was for a dean appointed by King James, peculiar. His spirit really cared nothing about forms; it was vowed, in a transport, often in an agony of zeal, in a "holy amorousness, a holy covetousness, a holy ambition," to the quest of an unattainable Form. Donne, indeed, not by his religion but his art, reveals the relationship between art and religion. They differ—that is to say, not in purpose, not even in process, but in choice of theme, and religion from this point of view, is, as it were, a specialization of art. Religion appeals directly to God; art may or may not employ various symbols, formulas, and euphemisms for the conception of God. At any rate, the Sermons are nothing more nor less than an expression of passionate wonder, an intentness upon, an excellence passing all understanding and an inextinguishable aspiration towards it.

EVERYTHING in the Sermons is subordinate to this sole and solemn pilgrimage, simply because Donne himself was interested in nothing else. With a penetration natural to him, but in this instance acute, Walton wrote of him: "His mind was liberal and unwearied in the search of knowledge, with which his vigorous soul is now satisfied." And the splendors of his style (there are passages in the Sermons not to be rivalled outside the Authorized Version), together with its individual eccentricity and harshness, are devoted alike to the painful effort of revelation. There are plenty of faults in Donne's style, but they are not those of self-assurance. Indeed his unique peculiarity, that of marshalling clauses for a cumulative shock effect, delivered with a fury of intellectual precision, is of such service in communicating his vision to others that it almost ceases to be a mannerism.

* * *

I CAN only give one extract, and that from a single sentence a folio page in length. It was first pointed out to me by Mr. Bullen, and produces such an orchestration of sound that, even at the risk of spoiling it by leaving the first portion out, I must give it. The text of the Sermon is "He that believeth not shall be damned":—

"That that God . . . should so turne himself from one, to his glorious Saints and Angels, as that no Saint nor Angel nor Christ Jesus himselfe should ever ray him to looke towards me, never remember him that such a soule there is; that that God who hath so often said to my soule, *Quare morieris!* Why wilt thou die? and so often sworne to my soule, *Vivit Dominus*, As the Lord liveth, I would not have thee die, but live, will neither let me die nor let me live, but die an everlasting life and live an everlasting death; that that God, who, when he could not get into me, by standing and knocking by his ordinary meanes of entring, by his Word, his mercies, hath applied his judgements, and hath shaked the house, this body, with agues and palsies, and set this house on fire with fevers and calentures, and frigheted the Master of the house, my soule, with horrors and heavy apprehensions, and so made an entrance into me; that that God should frustrate all his owne purposes and practices upon me, and leave me and cast me away as though I had cost him nothing; that this God at last should let this soule goe away, as a smoake, as a vapour, as a bubble, and that then this soule cannot be a smoake, a vapour, nor a bubble, but must lie in darkness, as long as the Lord of Light is light it selfe and never sparkes of that light reach to my soule; what Brimstone is not Paradise, what Brimstone is not Amber, what gnashinge is not a comfort, what gnawing of the worme is not a tickling, what torment is not a marriage bed to this damnation, to be secluded eternally, eternally from the sight of God?"

Apply that to the Europe of to-day. Is it not as modern as a treasury note?

* * *

YET the artist cannot perceive this ultimate excellence, the image of God, without possessing the beginnings of its secret, even though that secret be not his own. That he has to seek, you may say, in his "subconscious" self. "It is our less conscious thoughts and our less conscious actions," wrote Samuel Butler, "which mainly mould our lives." And, again: We must judge men not so much by what they do as by what they make us feel that they have it in them to do." In Donne's words, containing the kernel of his artistic purpose and perhaps a whole creed of art: "I can see God in the creature, but the nature, the essence, the secret purposes of God I cannot see." This subconscious element is at once the most actual and precious thing in life, and the most susceptible to expansion. So vivid is it that when it breaks through the conscious self the senses intuitively respond to it with a sharpness and buoyancy which only the special electricity of its nature can evoke. And, at the same time, it is the source of all mystery, of all fantasy, of the unappeasable longing of men for the perfect and the unknown. So that the aim of the artist (to continue touching up the Sermons with a modern brush), where he is at one with the true reformer, is to reveal this subconscious quality, the substance of humanity, as it is the substance of art, and thus to release it for the impossible task (a task it will undertake, since it is in its nature to do so) of taking heaven by storm. It is good aesthetics, as well as good ethics, to begin from the bottom upwards, from the substance to the Form. "God cannot live in the darke," and the way of Europe has been from the top downwards. Indeed, a rectification of this kind is not so academic, when all Europe looks so very much like finishing up at the wrong end.

H. J. M.

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It is the fact, not the poetry, of Mr. Sassoon, that is important. When a man is in torment and cries aloud, his cry is incoherent. It has neither weight nor meaning of its own. It is inhuman, and its very inhumanity strikes to the nerve of our hearts. We long to silence the cry, whether by succor and sympathy, or by hiding ourselves from it. That it should somehow stop or be stopped, and by ceasing trouble our hearts no more, is our chief desire; for it is ugly and painful, and it rasps at the cords of nature.

Mr. Sassoon's verses—they are not poetry—are such a cry. They touch not our imagination, but our sense. We feel not as we do with true poetry or true art that something is, after all, right, but that something is intolerably and irremediably wrong. And, God knows, something is wrong—wrong with Mr. Sassoon, wrong with the world that has made of him the instrument of a discord so jangling. Why should one of the creatures of the earth be made to suffer a pain so brutal that he can give it no expression, that even this most human and mighty relief is denied him?

For these verses express nothing, save in so far as a cry expresses pain. Their effect is exhausted when the immediate impression dies away. Some of them are, by intention, realistic pictures of battle experience, and indeed one does not doubt their truth. The language is overwrought, dense and turgid, as a man's mind must be under the stress and obsession of a chaos beyond all comprehension.

"The place was rotten with dead; green clumsy legs
High-booted, sprawled and grovelled along the saps;
And trunks, face downward, in the sucking mud,
Wallowed like trodden sand-bags loosely filled;
And naked sodden buttocks, mats of hair,
Bulged, clotted heads slept in the plastering slime.
And then the rain began—the jolly old rain!"

That is horrible, but it does not produce the impression of horror. It numbs, not terrifies, the mind. Each separate reality and succeeding vision is, as it were, driven upon us by a hammer, but one hammer-beat is like another. Each adds to the sum more numbness and more pain, but the separateness and particularity of each is lost.

"Bullets spat
And he remembered his rifle . . . rapid fire . . .
And started blazing wildly . . . then a bang
Crumpled and spun him sideways, knocked him out
To grunt and wriggle: none heeded him: he choked
And fought the flapping veils of smothering gloom,
Lost in a blurred confusion of yells and groans. . . ."

We are given the blurred confusion, and just because this is the truth of the matter exactly rendered we cannot apprehend it any more than the soldier who endures it can. We, like him, are "crumpled and spun sideways"!

There is a value in the plain, unvarnished truth; but there is another truth more valuable still. One may convey the chaos of immediate sensation by a chaotic expression, as does Mr. Sassoon. But the unforgettable horror of an inhuman experience can only be rightly rendered by rendering also its relation to the harmony and calm of the soul which it shatters. In this context alone can it appear with that sudden shock to the imagination which is overwhelming. The faintest discord in a harmony has within it an infinity of disaster, which no confusion of notes, however wild and various and loud, can possibly suggest. It is in this that the wise saying that poetry is emotion recollected in tranquillity, is so firmly based, for the quality of an experience can only be given by reference to the ideal condition of the human consciousness which it disturbs with pleasure or with pain. But in Mr. Sassoon's verses it is we who are left to create for ourselves the harmony of which he gives us only the moment of its annihilation. It is we who must be the poets and the artists if anything enduring is to be made of his work. He gives us only the data. There is, perhaps, little enough harm in this, and probably there would be none at all if Mr. Sassoon had not chosen a poetic form in which to cast the record of his experience, and deliberately given the name of poems to his verses.

Thereby he is misleading himself most grievously, and he may easily end by wrecking the real poetic gift which at rare intervals peeps out in a line.

"The land where all
Is ruin and nothing blossoms but the sky."

The last five words are beautiful because they do convey horror to the imagination, and do not bludgeon the senses. They manage to convey horror to the imagination precisely because they contain, as it were, a full octave of emotional experience, and the compass ranges from serenity to desolation, not merely of the earth, but of the mind. The horror is in relation; it is placed, and therefore created. But in the following lines there is no trace of creation or significance:

"A yawning soldier knelt against the bank
Staring across the morning bleak with fog;
He wondered when the Allemands would get busy;
And then, of course, they started with five-nines
Traversing, sure as fate, and never dud."

We choose these lines because they make a tolerable, if not a very lively, prose. Those which follow them in the piece which gives the book its name are more extravagant journalese. But why on earth should such middling prose be ironed out into nominal blank verse lines, unless Mr. Sassoon somehow imagined that he was, in fact, writing poetry? What he was doing was to make a barely sufficient entry in a log-book. That he should for one moment imagine he was doing anything else is almost incomprehensible. If the lines of the whole piece were transposed into the prose form for which they clamor, they would then, surely, appear to be the rough notes (perhaps for a novel, much less probably for a poem) which they are.

Mr. Sassoon is evidently in some sense aware that an element of creation, or of art, is lacking to his work. Perhaps, on reading some of his own lines, he may have felt that they were not, after all, a new kind of poetry; and he may have been sensible of some inexplicable difference between his own verses and those of Mr. Thomas Hardy, which are a new kind of poetry. For we think we can detect a certain straining after pregnancy, due to the attempt to catch the method of Mr. Hardy. The overloading of epithet and verb in such a line as—

He winked his prying torch with patching glare,
imitates the mere accidents of a poetic method, of which the real strength and newness consists exactly in the element which has no place at all in Mr. Sassoon's mental composition. Against the permanence of the philosophic background in Mr. Hardy's work, each delicate shade of direct emotion is conveyed with all the force that comes of complete differentiation. With Mr. Sassoon there is no background, no differentiation; he has no calm, therefore he conveys no terror; he has no harmony, therefore he cannot pierce us with the anguish of discord.

The one artistic method which he employs is the irony of epigram. On these occasions alone does he appeal to a time beyond the immediate present of sensation. There is an effort at comparison and relation, or, in other words, an effort to grapple with his own experience and comprehend it. Certainly, the effort and the comprehension do not go very far, and they achieve rather a device of technique than a method of real expression; but the device is effective enough.

"Good morning; good morning!" the General said,
When we met him last week on our way to the line.
Now the soldiers he smiled at are most of 'em dead.
And we're cursing his staff for incompetent swine.
'He's a cheery old card,' grunted Harry to Jack,
As they slogged up to Arras with rifle and pack.

But he did for them both by his plan of attack."

The comprehension does not go far enough, however. The experiences of battle, awful, inhuman, and intolerable as they are, are only experiences for the mind which is capable of bringing their horror and their inhumanity home to the imagination of others. Without the perspective that comes from intellectual remoteness there can be no order and no art. Intellectual remoteness is not cold or callous; it is the condition in which a mind works as a mind, and a man is fully active as a man. Because this is wanting in Mr. Sassoon we are a prey to uneasiness when confronted with his work. We have a feeling of guilt, as though we were prying into secrets which were better hid. We have read, for instance, in the pages of M. Duhamel, far more terrible

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"Unlatch the gate
And set Golumpus going on the grass"
should be reduced to the condition in which he cannot surmount the disaster of his own experience—

"Thud, thud, thud—quite soft . . . they never cease
Those whispering guns—O Christ! I want to go out
And scream at them to stop—I'm going crazy,
I'm going stark, staring mad because of the guns."

—that is awful and inhuman and intolerable. And to that it makes no difference that it is Mr. Sassoon who is the martyr, and we ourselves who are the poets.

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"We have passed the fourth winter of the war.
En bloc the men have been splendid.
En masse the women have been superb.
Why spoil the ship for her port of tar?"

But, in the main, the style appears to owe its peculiar quality not to any literary influences, but to the author's practice of those economics by which, as she explains to us, gently-born women have given such a splendid example to the lower orders during the war. It appears that she and her friends have learned that "two old hats, with a brim chopped off here or a bit added there, turn to a mighty smart toque," and she has evidently found these syntheses of the stale into the startling so effective in millinery that she has tried her hand at them in literature. Hence we get such lightning sketches of social conditions and political ideals as the following:—

"One has only to deal with the lower orders to understand why they are poor. They waste more good material than rich folk utilize, and then they grumble at poverty. They throw away vegetable-water, fish-water, stewed meat-water, and seldom or never realize that one and all are the groundwork of good nourishing soup. While the French peasant patches her husband's blue trousers a dozen times, the English send their husbands out to buy a new pair. They never keep a matchbox for odd buttons, and so never possess a button."

"Education does much. Uneducated people never talk; they stare at or punch one another as forms of friendship or endearment. Watch them in the third class carriage of a railway train on a bank holiday. There is no bright interchange of ideas. Silence takes the place of mental duelling or fine rapier thrust of tongue."

"Let us put the whole nation from sixteen to sixty under Conscription—men and women alike, so that babies by dozens may be born into a better disciplined world."

There is no use consulting the context for explanation of the last lavishly suggestive confusion, for a context is just the one thing that this book, so rich in everything else, has not got. One might as well try and refer an addled egg to its context. One just has to take, as the isolated pearl it is, such a reflection as, "It is a strange anomaly, by the way, that while men from overseas were flirting with typists, they were marrying domestics," and not seek for any explanation of this singular Colonial habit of not letting the right-hand know what the left-hand doeth. And in the same spirit one has to accept such pregnant sentences as, "The question of butter for tea is not climacteric"; such acute visions of the real as, "Alas! some really nice girls are afflicted with an unintentional 'glad-eye' that attracts

the worst side of the worst men"; such contributions to history as the information that King George really does sleep at Buckingham Palace, and that Queen Mary's one idea of happiness is love and privacy in a cottage; and such legislative proposals as, "A mere woman would shut Parliament, with its oft-time silly chatter, during the war," "Bachelors from twenty to forty should be taxed 25 per cent. on their incomes," "Endow Science and utilize its results," "Study Eugenics more universally," and "Let the Minister of Reconstruction start by putting all feeble-minded persons on farm-lands, where there is no possibility of offspring." One should not lose one's temper with the constant refrain, "Oh, for martial law!" for Mrs. Alec-Tweedie appears to use it merely as an expletive, as some say, "Fancy that," and others, "Lord love a duck." But there appears to be no obligation to keep one's temper when one reads that:—

"Tawdry finery is the hall-mark of the usual working-class girl, while the factory-hand has been known to pull out her mirror, puff-box and rouge in the middle of a twelvehours' night shift on a fourteen consecutive nights' job."

And yet, again, one is grateful for the picture of the gallant being who, immersed in a world which seeks to change all men to killers and the dead, and all women to machines, performs this quaint ritual to testify her belief in the continued existence of beauty and desire. It is perhaps the brightest spot in a book that otherwise seems to prove nothing, except the extreme inadequacy of Mr. Forster's Education Act of 1870.

WHEN THE DEVIL WAS SICK.

"God's Counterpoint." By J. D. BERESFORD. (Collins 6s. net.)

It is related of some of the monks living in the Egyptian desert in the first centuries of Christianity that they would make raids on Alexandria, smash, burn, and pillage, and commit orgies of sensuality. Anatole France, in "Thais," tells how the eremite Pachymius, having converted Thais to the faith, himself fell a victim to the hated thing. And now Mr. Beresford gives us a modern pathological study of a young man's sexual relations with his wife, and its remorseless power is only equalled by the repulsive nature of the theme. Intellectually and structurally, indeed, the book is perhaps the most considerable achievement of Mr. Beresford's career as a novelist. The characters are few—revolving satellites within the fierce orbit of Philip Maning and his wife; the detail is sharply defined, and strongly and proportionately grouped into the organism of the story—a story which rolls its yellow, turbid, swollen waters undeviatingly to its destination. This is not the place to discuss the propriety of the novel-form employed as an instrument in the intricate dissection of a poisoned human soul. All life is the province of art, and the test one has to apply is whether or no the artist has given an "answer in the affirmative" to the universal mystery; whether be it in the morbid or the healthy, he is passionately aware of a value and meaning in the evidences of creation, which he feels it his special calling to reveal. Mr. Beresford seems to answer this question by the symbolic key to his book: "All apparent discords and ugliness are but accentuations of the eternal rhythm; the necessary beat of an undertone; God's counterpoint." What we doubt here is the rhythm, for the book is an analysis of a mental disease, pursued with a hard, rather gloomy veracity, which, highly-skilled and impressive as it is, does give one the oppressive sense of confinement, as of being excluded from the large horizons of the "eternal rhythm."

Philip Maning's attitude to Evelyn is curiously dualistic. It is partly a medieval ideal of worship, which was the beloved as some precious, intangible substance only to be approached as a priest to the shrine—much to the disconcern of so wholesome, sane, and well-balanced a shrine as Evelyn. This is coupled with a repellently rigid Sabatianism which regards all physical intercourse between the sexes as a vile desecration. Mr. Beresford rather makes a case for natal influences, but the "Thou shalt nots" of his father and the pliancy of his mother are inadequate to account for the really fetid pollution of Philip's soul. For the repressions of his natural instincts finally drive him into

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The manner in which they proposed to deal with the year's profits was that in addition to the dividend of 6 per cent. on the Preference Shares and of 10 per cent. on the Ordinary Shares—the latter free of tax—they were suggesting a bonus to the Ordinary shareholders of one Ordinary Share of £10 for each two Ordinary Shares held. That operation would be carried out by transferring from the undivided profits (reserve account) the sum of £287,500 to capital account. Owing to the action of the Treasury in refusing to sanction the division of the Ordinary Shares into denominations of £1 a difficulty arose in the distribution of the bonus shares, where a shareholder held an odd number of shares. They were making arrangements so that it would be possible to buy and sell the fractional shares which would be created, full details of which would be communicated to those interested later. Their relations with their employees throughout the Company's history had been excellent. In the strenuous years before the war, however, when the electrical industry had to compete against the cheapest labor markets of the world, it was not always possible to pay such wages that workers could put aside something for the proverbial rainy day. They had therefore come to the conclusion that this was the time when they could show their gratitude to those who had loyally worked in their service. They proposed that £37,500, provided from the reserve fund, should be vested in trustees, who would at once invest that sum in new Ordinary Shares of the Company at par. The trusts of the fund were for the purpose of application for the superannuation, pensioning off, and benefit of employees of the Company or their families or dependents, in such a manner as the directors of the Company might from time to time determine. In administering that fund the directors proposed to give first consideration to those employees who had been in their service for ten years and upwards. They also proposed to ask an advisory committee, selected from the staff, to assist them in the administration. It was the hope of the Company to add materially to this fund in the future.

They had established modern works in various parts of the country covering nearly every branch of electrical engineering. Their engineering works produced every kind of dynamo and motor for power or lighting, from a 20,000 h.p. turbo generator down to the smallest electric fan, and their carbon works were unique in the country.

The engineering works had developed the production of mica and other insulating materials, which were essential for the production of good electrical machines, and their lamp works were able to produce their own tungsten wire, manufacture their own lamp-caps, and had their own glassblowing works. They had heard of some labor-saving automatic bulb blowing machines invented in America, and had secured the rights for this country by paying a sum of £50,000 for the patents, and purchasing a number of machines which would be installed under the direct supervision of experienced American erectors.

After referring to the future of the electrical industry, the Chairman said shareholders would not be surprised that, to carry out these different schemes, they required additional capital. They would therefore hold an extraordinary general meeting immediately after that meeting, when they would submit for approval a resolution increasing the capital of the company to £3,000,000 by the creation of 100,000 additional Preference Shares of £10 each and 60,000 additional Ordinary Shares of £10 each. The directors proposed to issue to the public 80,000 of these Preference Shares and 16,000 of the Ordinary Shares on the terms of a prospectus which would shortly be issued. A further 4,000 Ordinary Shares of £10 each would be reserved for issue to directors and employees at the same price as it was proposed to issue them to the public. The remainder would be required for certain essential transactions already under contemplation, but upon which it would be premature to dwell that day. The Ordinary Shareholders had always shown their consideration for the Preference Shareholders, first by voluntarily raising the dividend from 5 per cent. to 6 per cent.—last year by refunding the income tax—and now they proposed further to raise the Preference dividend from 6 per cent. to 6½ per cent.

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a subterranean mania of fear, loathing, and perverted desire, into a pestilent hypocrisy of soul, which Evelyn, for all her acute observation, is unable by her very sanity to fathom. So vivid is Mr. Beresford's presentation of the muddied recesses and obscure reactions of Phillip's mentality, that when the little sensual adventuress, Hélène, pays a visit to the country house of the Maning's we feel that his surrender to and flight with her are so inevitable as to be almost superfluous in the telling. Hélène, indeed, is the instrument of Philip's salvation, or a cure, as it were, by homoeopathic indulgence. After he has parted with Hélène, Philip's eyes are opened to the beauty of humanity, and he seeks out his long-suffering wife and child (on whom before his exposure he had attempted to impose a gospel of terrors) with a new contrition and faith in the reality and possibilities of human love. Unfortunately, the reader is not so sanguine of Philip's recovery as Philip, and that does give a perfunctory, unconvincing cast to the end of the book—as if the author had clapped a mollifying plaster on his patient and there left him.

There are, indeed, lapses in Mr. Beresford's diagnosis. It is difficult, for instance, to reconcile Philip's incredible lack of general knowledge with his depraved preoccupations. And the persistence of his love for Evelyn is strange, when we consider that it has to survive something more than his devouring egoism and the morose restrictions he imposes on her. For when he realizes that she cannot understand his "ideal," and is opposed to it, he no longer has reason to worship her, and if he cannot worship her, he no longer has its "ideal" to live up to. Yet this motivelessness of Philip's, if he puts a still greater strain on our acceptance of his redemption, is a subtle comment upon the progress of his disease. For as a study in mental pathology, "God's Counterpoint" is, for all, or rather with all its horror, remarkably effective."

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* * *

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"In 1914 we saw—delightful sight—the two Queens driving together on the day of roses. The spectacle ought to have made a greater impression on the public than it obviously did. I heard no exclamations of admiring astonishment. Everybody apparently took it as a matter of course. It was more than that. I regarded it as a *coup de théâtre*."

The Week in the City.

RUMORS are current in the City of other huge banking amalgamations, which, if they should be realized, will cause much astonishment and criticism. To judge from the dividends, banking profits remain good, but as the war debt piles up, and inflation becomes more inflated in this and other countries, the problem of credit and currency after the war must be more and more difficult of solution. Caution and precaution should be the watchwords. On the Stock Exchange, industrial securities have been active and many important concerns show sharp rises in price, though mines and rubbers are dull. Consols have fluctuated round about 56, and on Wednesday Russian Fives rose to 50. The "Westminster Gazette," which often has a good note about public income and expenditure, draws attention to a disagreeable fact—"an almost regular weekly increase of three millions in the circulation of Treasury notes." Expenditure is about 56 millions a week, of which over 40 millions, on an average, is added—as we know from Mr. Bonar Law—to the dead weight debt of the country. Experts calculate that this means an addition at a rate of about threepence a month to the income tax, which after the war may be required to pay the interest on the National Debt.

BANKING DIVIDENDS.

Monetary conditions during the first half-year were not especially favorable to high profits on the part of the banks, for while the average rate paid on deposits was $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. lower, at 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., the average short-loan rate was 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. lower and the average three months' bill rate 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. lower. The rise in working expenses also probably continued. No reductions, however, have been made in the interim distributions just announced, and this was hardly to be expected, for the banks have always been most conservative in making their distributions; and last year's rates could easily be maintained, even in face of a considerable fall in revenue. Two of the banks make an increase in their rate. Barclay's B shares get 20 per cent. per annum, as against 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. a year ago, and the Union Bank of Manchester increases the dividend from 18-2/11 per cent. to 20 per cent. The newly-amalgamated London County Westminster and Parr's Bank pays at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum, as compared with 18 per cent. paid a year ago by each of the individual banks. The London Provincial and South-Western pays at the rate of 19 per cent. per annum, as against 19 per cent. by the London and Provincial and 17 per cent. by the London and South-Western. The National Provincial and Union Bank of England pays at the rate of 16 per cent. per annum, as against 16 per cent. by the National Provincial and 10 per cent. by the Union of London and Smiths Bank. Two of the three leading discount houses raise their rates, Alexanders from 10 to 12 per cent. and the National Discount from 10 to 11 per cent.

LUCELLUM.

